

The Sketch

No. 834.—Vol. LXV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1909.

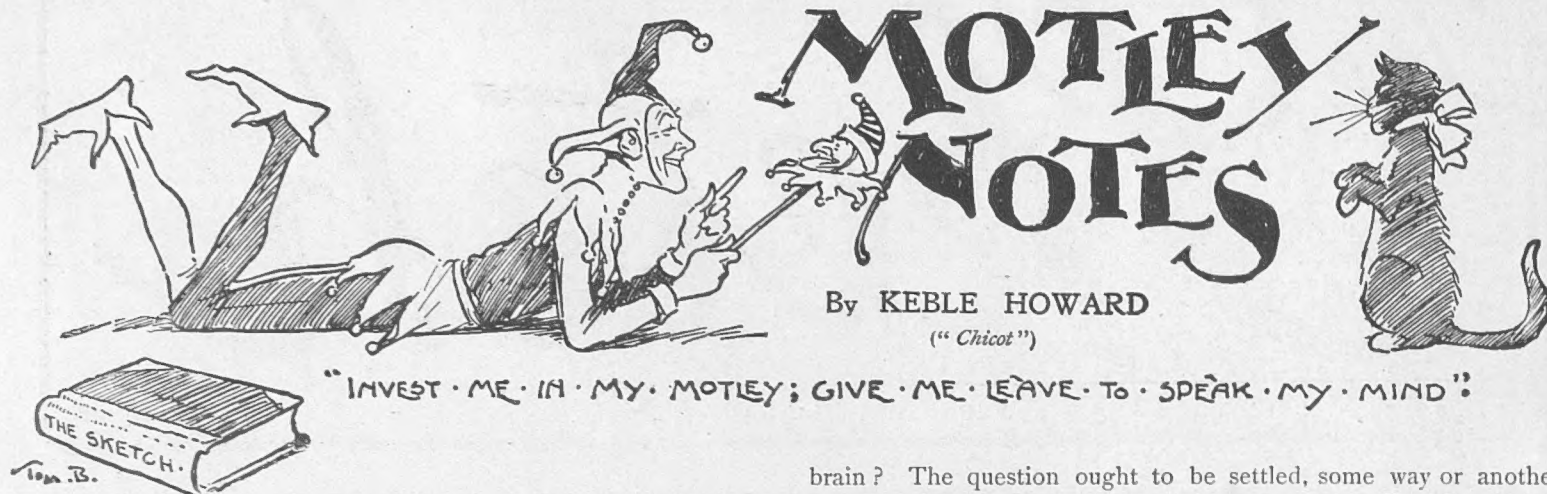
SIXPENCE.



THE WEST AS THE EAST: Mlle. POLAIRE IN "LE COQ D'INDE."

It is claimed for Mlle. Polaire, the French singer, that she has the smallest waist in the world.

Photograph by Bert, Paris.



No Joke.

A correspondent rebukes me for writing "flip-pantly" on the subject of capital punishment. That is the worst of investing yourself in motley—there are certain people who will never allow you to be serious. They seem to look upon the professional fool as a creature apart from the ordinary run of mankind, heartless, sexless, and immortal. On re-reading my note on capital punishment, I find, as I expected, that I was perfectly serious. The note was written in reply to Mr. Josiah Oldfield, who is urging Parliament to substitute "curative treatment" for hanging. Mr. Oldfield's plan is to take in hand the incipient murderers and detain them till cured. I ventured to point out the impossibility of detecting incipient homicidal mania, and concluded with the harmless observation—"Capital punishment is not pretty, but it is an astonishing aid to self-control." My correspondent maintains that capital punishment is no sort of aid to self-control, and quotes the case of a man who refused to sanction a petition for his reprieve after he had murdered his wife and children. The weak link in the argument, of course, is the word "after." If the man had made up his mind that he would not be reprieved if he could help it *before* he committed the murders, then one's opinion of the efficacy of capital punishment as a deterrent would certainly have been shaken.

The Inartistic Sweep.

It is almost impossible to be consistently dignified in a great city such as London. Even the Prime Minister must occasionally quicken his steps if he wishes to avoid being run down by a motor-omnibus, and I have heard of an impassioned nursemaid wheeling her perambulator into Mr. Lewis Waller's back. If you ride wherever you go, you are constantly being held up in the traffic, thus affording an opportunity to the coster's donkey of thrusting his face in at the window. You would suppose that soldiers on the march have a fine chance of keeping up their dignity. The streets are cleared for them; they have only to keep step, hold their heads stiffly, and get over the ground. But what about those in the rear? A few mornings ago a regimental band passed beneath my window. Who they were and why they were doing it I have no idea, but they swung past in splendid style, making a tremendous noise and looking very important. Immediately behind them, almost touching them, came a crawling hansom, a laundry-cart, and a chimney-sweep wheeling his hand-cart. The worst of it was that the chimney-sweep would not even take the trouble to step in time to the music. That seemed unpardonable—unless, in earlier life, he had been a soldier. Anyhow, he was successful in destroying any impression of majesty that the band might have created.

"My Cold."

I have often asked to be told why it is that a man with a cold in the head feels himself to be a superior sort of being to the man with no cold. You must have observed for yourself that this is the case. Take, indeed, your own cold. You refer to it, thirty or forty times a day, as "My cold." You feel quite sure that everybody you meet will know that you have a cold, and that everybody will be interested in its progress. You will find yourself, when in the full enjoyment of a cold, airing opinions that you would certainly keep to yourself under normal conditions, and casually contradicting the statements of those for whom, as a matter of fact, you cherish a very sincere respect. There must be some simple physiological explanation for this, and I should be greatly obliged if some medical reader would put me in the way of understanding it. Is it that the cold acts in some soothing way upon the nerves, thus freeing the self-conscious man, temporarily, from his timidity? Or is it that the fever accompanying a cold has a stimulating effect upon an otherwise slightly torpid

brain? The question ought to be settled, some way or another, and this seems to be the time of year to settle it. Half the people in England, at the present moment, are rejoicing in colds, and we are not, therefore, a normal nation. We might do the most splendid thing—even abolish the House of Commons.

"Grand Force, the Police!"

The Metropolitan Police Force should engage a Press Agent. Their extraordinarily valuable services are in danger of being taken for granted. It is a long time since any daily paper has thought it worth while to print a panegyric on the police. For my part, I am always ready to admit that London owes any dignity it may possess—and it possesses a great deal—to the police. This is not a sop; I have done nothing, up to the present, that could bring me within the clutch of the police. I am simply offering a sincere tribute to the most dignified and the most useful body of men in the town. Do you remember the glib satisfaction with which Mr. Charles Hawtrey used to say, in "A Message from Mars," "Grand force, the police!" One of the simplest secrets of success on the stage is to express in words some feeling in the hearts of the audience. We all loved to hear Mr. Hawtrey say, "Grand force, the police!" because we knew it to be true. If he had said, "Grand staff at Somerset House!" or "Fine fellows, the Metropolitan postmen!" we should not have laughed and applauded. Both statements would have been correct, of course, but we cannot feel so enthusiastic about Somerset House or the Post Office as we undoubtedly do about the Metropolitan Police Force. Perhaps it is because all policemen are sentimentalists.

"A Thing o' the Past, O' Dear."

I had a curious experience one night last week. I found myself, about midnight, in Hammer-smith Broadway. (There was nothing curious, of course, about that. I had been paying my annual visit to the King's Theatre pantomime, and had afterwards supped at a local restaurant.) There was not a cab to be seen. A newspaper-boy, taking pity upon me, offered to fetch a cab. I accepted the offer, and he darted away towards the bridge. Judge of my amazement when he returned with a queer-shaped box on two wheels, drawn by a pantomime horse, and controlled, to some slight extent, by a man perched in a little seat at the back. "What's this?" I asked the newspaper-boy. "That's a 'ansom!" he replied. "Am I expected to ride in it?" The boy grinned. "'E'll take yer right enough, give 'im time," he said. I gave him time. I gave him about an hour, I suppose, to get to Charing Cross. The journey seemed interminable. Both the horse and the driver were fast asleep; we moved so slowly, and so irregularly, that I fully expected one of those grand fellows, the police, to take us in charge. At last, however, we came to Charing Cross, and I was allowed to escape from the loathsome vehicle on payment of a prince's ransom. As an experience, the ride was interesting, but heaven send that I may never be called upon to endure it a second time.

A Winter Problem for Parents.

Life becomes more and more involved every day. How does this dictum, taken from a paper mainly devoted to fashions in feminine clothing, affect your brain: "Unselfishness in a parent usually produces the opposite characteristics in the child, with its many attendant evils, and when carried to excess is nothing more or less than selfishness in disguise." The statement being accepted, the parent has now to decide whether he or she will be selfish or unselfish. If selfish, it is clear that he is selfish. If unselfish, it is equally clear that he is selfish. In any case, therefore, he is selfish. On mature consideration, it would seem advisable to slip into a lunatic asylum before your friends begin to notice.

The Prussian Diet — An Indigestible Item?



MISS OLGA DESMOND, THE DANCER WHOSE COSTUME CAUSED A DEBATE IN THE PRUSSIAN HOUSE OF DEPUTIES.

Miss Olga Desmond, believing that true health can be obtained only by the permanent discarding of clothes, has been the subject of a heated debate in the Prussian Diet. According to report, Miss Desmond has danced in what the "Telegraph's" correspondent has described as "a garment which represented absolutely the extreme minimum to which attire can be reduced if it is to serve any purpose whatever," and it is further stated that the dancer has performed "without even the sartorial minimum referred to above." As we have said, the Diet discussed what are known as "beauty evenings" with considerable warmth, but eventually the debate was adjourned indefinitely.

Photographs by Skowronek.

STRICTLY PERSONAL — BUT NOT CONFIDENTIAL.



TACKLING THE HALF-HUNDREDWEIGHT: MR. GEORGE ROBNEY PUNCHING THE SAND-BAG.

Mr. George Robey, the famous music-hall comedian, is a great believer in physical exercise, and is at considerable pains to keep himself fit. As is generally known, he is a keen footballer, and he also goes in for punching the sand-bag. It is his custom to have a half-hundredweight bag of sand hung in his dressing-room at the theatre.

Photograph by the Sports Company.



THE THREE-YEAR-OLD PROFESSIONAL PIANIST: PILLAR OSORIO (X).

Pillar Osorio, who gave a pianoforte recital at Leipzig the other day, is still a few weeks under four years of age, and is step-sister of that other musical prodigy, Pepito Arriola. On the occasion of her debut, she played several classical pieces with great skill. She cannot read music, and relies on her memory only.—[*Photograph by Park.*]



NO WONDER THE PRESIDENT LIKES HIM! THE MAN WHO CATCHES WOLVES WITH HIS HANDS.

Our portrait is that of Mr. John R. Abernethy, known as "Catch 'em alive oh Jack," who has caught no fewer than three hundred wolves with his bare hands. President Roosevelt made him United States Marshal for Western Oklahoma, and it is said that he also received an invitation to accompany Mr. Roosevelt on his forthcoming tour in South Africa.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

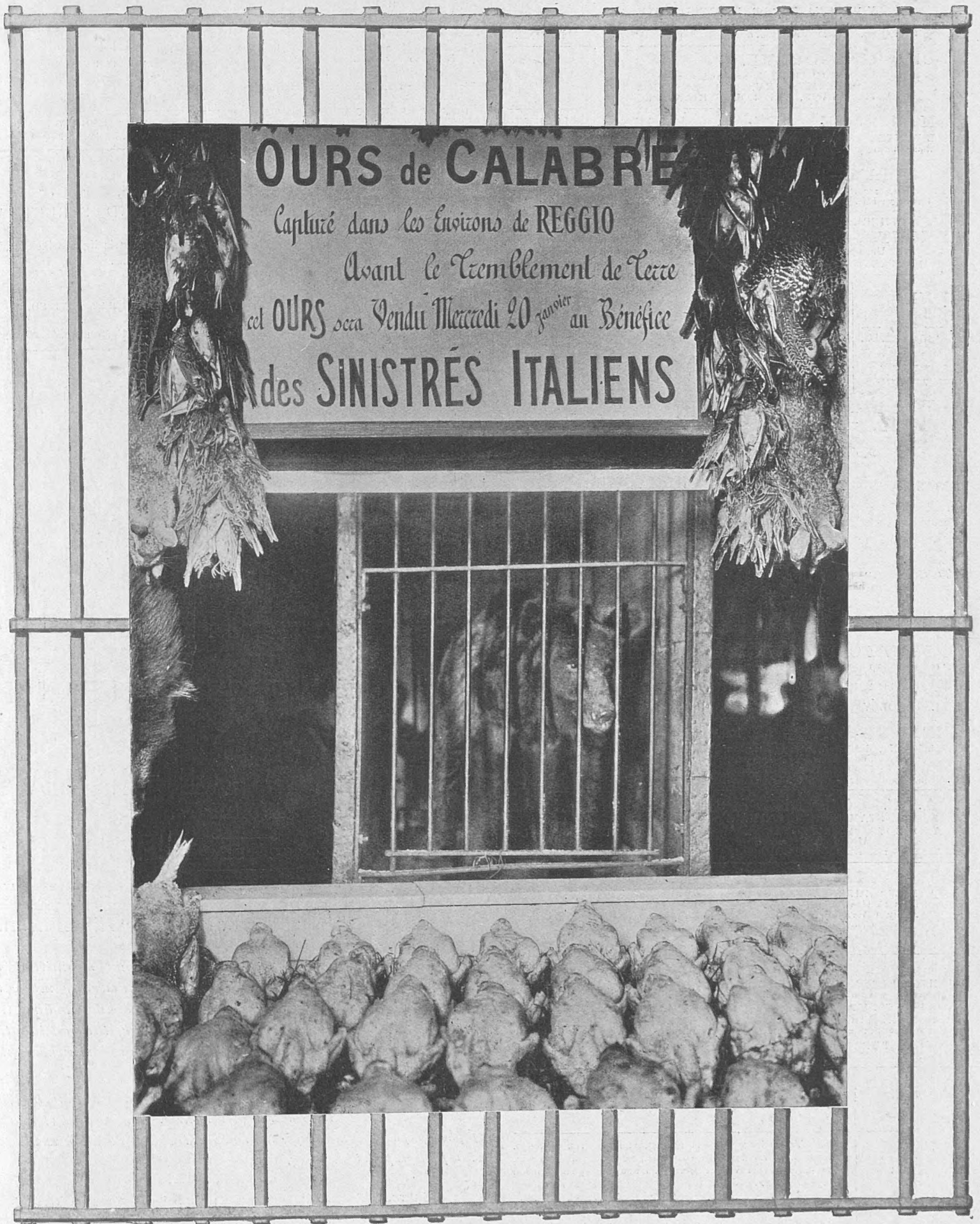


THE CHARLESWORTH SALE—"SHORT NOTICE UNDER DISTRESS FOR RENT": ADVERTISING THE AUCTION AT THE HALL, CALNE.

The remarkable Charlesworth affair—at the moment of writing, still a mystery—resulted last week in an auction of the effects at the Hall, Calne, Miss Violet Gordon Charlesworth's residence. As the sandwich-board announces, the sale was a "short notice" arrangement, under distress for rent, and included in the lots were a St. Bernard and a collie.

Photograph by the L.N.A.

TROUBLE BRUIN: TO DIE FOR EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS.



PUT UNDER THE HAMMER FOR THE BENEFIT OF RUINED ITALIANS: A BEAR FOUND NEAR REGGIO, CALABRIA.

Paris, having wearied of camel-flesh, is to make the bear-steak first favourite on her dinner-table. The beast shown in the photograph was found near Reggio immediately before the great earthquake, and is to be sold to-day to the highest bidder. The money given for him is to be added to the fund for those who suffered by the earthquake.

Photograph by Branger.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Sixty-four (from Oct. 14 to
Jan. 6, 1908) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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THE

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WHIST DRIVES AS MARRIAGE-MAKERS.

A BLOT ON THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY:
AN OPIUM DEN.

THE GUILLOTINE IN FRANCE.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
JANUARY 23.

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EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

WEIRD things, men. What? Havin' nothin' interestin' to do, and an hour or two to spare in which to do it, take a tip from me.

Sit down with a cigar that is one and ponder about yourself. It will repay you. Every livin' joker is far more interestin' than he thinks he is. Of course, I may be wrong, and, of course, I don't think so; but I've discovered—and I'm naturally rather excited about it—that jolly few of us really know half that there is to know about ourselves. We simply don't take the trouble to find out. It's pure slackin'. Ponder, that's my tip. It's no fag, it can be done in instalments, and it can be done sittin'. It's one of the only pastimes I know that isn't interfered with by the weather, and the really odd part of ponderin' is that one discovers, to one's intense surprise, that one is a mighty

deal more capable, brainy, generous, moral, and all-round top-notch than any of the men one knows. Now, of course, that makes ponderin' worth it. To come out like that is good enough to take a good bit of trouble about, d'y'see. What?

Perhaps, just to make my point clear—and, honestly, I'm beginning to find that there are a lot of people moochin' about who don't grasp things right off—I'd better state a case. A

man I know is one of six brothers. The other five were attacked by the microbe of industry early in life, and before they could shake off the complaint one found himself fillin' a junior post in the Government; a second suffered so frightfully that he's now Head Master of a Public School; a third got it so bad that he's a Bishop, poor chap; a fourth took it in the form of a Governorship of some hot-sun, dust-blinding Colonial hole; and before a fifth could get it out of his system he was appointed to a command of Territories. My pal escaped, and remained purely decorative. Now these diseased brothers of his, who never rested until they had swarmed up their various ladders, looked down upon dear old Bill, and chipped him, and called him saucy names—such as ugly ducklin', and so forth. They didn't realise that he was the only one of 'em who was wholesome and fit, and who had dodged the microbe that leads to an eighteen-hours workin' day, an infinitesimal pension, a K.C.B. from a grateful country, and a bust in an obscure town hall. To them Bill was a waster, and all that.

Well, years rolled on, as years have a dashed unpleasant knack of doin', and from time to time, once in three, these six jokers met, ate, yarned, did a show or two, and so forth. The five microbe-driven coves naturally became thin on top and out of shape in the middle—all workers do. Whereas Bill retained all his hair, his shape, his elastic step, his bland, bright smile, and his

eye-teeth—in the usual decorative way. But, after havin' been taunted by the five for havin' wasted his life—jealousy drives even brothers to very low-down tricks—old Bill, one of the best of Bees, became depressed and hangdog, and went off his feed. And I don't wonder. I twigged this, put two and two together as well as I could—bein', as you know, a highly uneducated man—and dropped in on Bill one evening at whisky time.

I found him in the worst stages of depression. His hair hadn't been cut for three days. He was wearin' an old-fashioned tie that had gone out almost a week before. He had taken to a pipe—an implement that may only be used by confirmed cricketers—and was generally sloppin' down hill. I was very much shocked. The change in his appearance was quite remarkable. Mind you, I

had seen him only a week before. In fact, I barely recognised him, and that tie of his revolted me, jarred all my best feelings. So I took him in hand. Very diplomatically—not in the Christian Mission direct manner—I told him of the marvellous curative and restorative effects of ponderin'. Without hintin' that he stood in need of any sort of treatment or anythin' of the sort, I told him just how to ponder, just when



CYNICAL.

THE HUSBAND: Well, say what you will, my dear, you'll find worse men than me in the world.
THE WIFE: Oh, Tom, how can you be so bitter?

to ponder, what brand of cigar to smoke when ponderin', and just what to wear when ponderin'. In short, I told him how every man could be his own ponderer. Then I left him, and went about my life's work and so on. Among other things I passed the place in Pall Mall where the old War Office used to stand and grin, now hollowed out, ready for the clean bricks of the Automobile Club, and before I passed, I stood and wondered how many ghastly things had been found by the workmen when pitchin' up the lowest bricks—all the broken promises and hushed-up scandals, all the appallin' blunders and childish regulations, all the great ideas docketed and forgotten in the rush for alterin' forage-caps, all the internal jealousies and the Lord knows what besides that that dingy, dignified, dull, stupid, unintelligent place hid for any number of years.

Three days later—in point of fact, yesterday—I dropped in again on Bill. When I say that ponderin' had made a new man of him I don't mean that at all. What I do mean is that it had made the old man of him. Bill was himself again, and doubly Billish. Like all ponderers, he had suddenly discovered that he was really a very fine feller, finer and more capable and more distinguished, though more modest, than any of his brothers and any of his set. What do you think of that? Eh? Look here, then, ponder, d'y'see, ponder—and do nothin' else when you get that dizzy feeling, with depression, and headache, and a nasty taste in the mouth. Don't forget, will you?



THE CLUBMAN

THE FIGHTING IN NIGERIA—TRADITIONAL FRIENDSHIPS—AUSTRIA AND TURKEY.

IN Nigeria the escort to the British Commissioners and the escort to the German Commissioners have been fighting shoulder to shoulder against attacking natives. It does not matter a row of pins whether the Germans came to the assistance of the British or the British marched on to German territory to help the Teutons; the important thing is that while we and our neighbours across the North Sea are growling at each other in Europe, saying everything that we can think of disagreeable about each other, out in Africa we are helping each other, against a common enemy. It was but a few weeks ago that the German authorities in Southern Africa thanked the British authorities for all they had done in preventing rebels against German authority from finding sanctuary on British territory. When the men of the two nations join hands in the presence of danger there cannot be any very deep quarrel between them.

Our disagreement with Germany is a mere question of the pocket, just as our dislike of Germans is only caused by the fact that the ordinary Englishman travelling abroad is generally brought into contact with those Germans whom the great mass of the German people very heartily dislike themselves, and against whose petty tyranny a revolt is now brewing. We do not, as a nation, really mind the Germans having a big fleet; but we resent very keenly the fact that we have to put our hands very deeply into our pockets to keep our fleet double the size of the German one. We consider the Germans unneighbourly; the competition in trade irritates a very large portion of our business community; but we are only cross with Germany, not angry, and if the Kaiser came to our shores tomorrow he would get a reception that would prove to him that, though we have during the past few months chafed him and caricatured him, we sincerely like him and admire him, and that he is far more popular in Britain than any other European Sovereign.

The "under-officer," in the form of petty officials of the customs-houses, railway-guards, police officials, is the German who tries to bully the travelling Briton and is habitually rude to him. But if we dislike these uniformed bullies, the German citizen loathes them. If they are rude to us, they are tyrannical to them. The revolt of the German middle class against the "under-officer" is an event of the near future, and when it comes it will make a bond of sympathy between the two nations.

We are now France's dearest friend. When, on the day of the French National Fête, I hang out the Tricolor and the Union Jack side by side from the balcony of my little villa in Picardy, I hear the passing Frenchmen say quite beautiful things concerning the English and the Entente Cordiale. Yet in the days of the Boer War if an Englishman was not insulted in Paris it was only that the

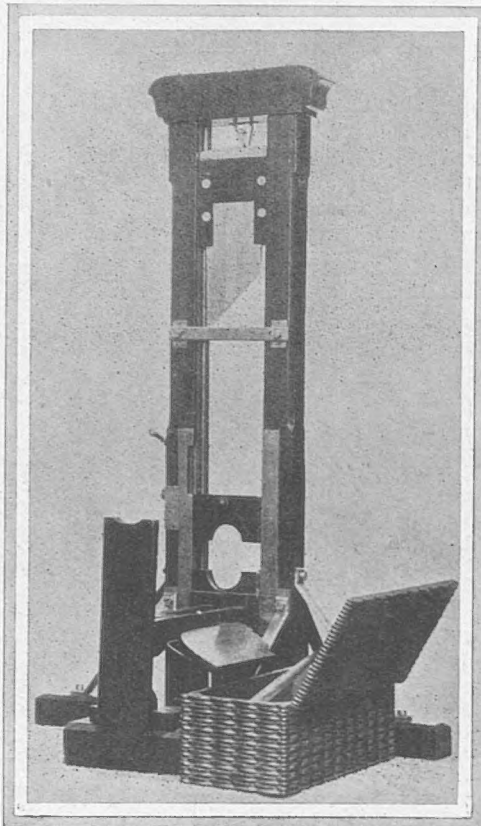
Parisians cannot distinguish an American from an Englishman; and though they wanted to say everything unpleasant to the latter, they had no

wish to offend their good customers from across the Atlantic. Every Frenchman thought that Great Britain was playing the hypocrite then, and that the big boy was pummeling the little boy to take his mines away from him. But the quarrel was not a deep-rooted one, for out in Africa two Boundary Commissions—French and English—were journeying along a frontier, and the officers were fraternising and giving each other dinners. While the French in Paris were crying "Vivent les Boers!" the French in Africa were crying "Vivent les Anglais!" We have not since Napoleonic days had any real cause of quarrel with France, but the French occasionally find our smug respectability intolerable, and call us names.

If ever two countries were declared opponents we and the Russians have been so, for while they were thrusting their strategic railways down towards the Indian frontier every Briton felt sure that sooner or later they would make a grab at our great dependency. When Russian officers travelled through India, the British officers there treated them most hospitably, and entertained them at the clubs and messes; but I recall that on both sides we alluded quite cordially to each other's countries as "our hereditary enemy." No men were ever more fitted to be close friends than English and Russian gentlemen, and now, by a change of policy at the two Foreign Offices, we are thrown into each other's arms.

Our latest enmity is against Austria—or it would be more correct to say that Austria's latest enmity is against us. For matters of personal comfort, I regret this very much, for I go every third year to Carlsbad, and the pleasure I experience in that beautiful town of healing waters would

be seriously dimmed if the good burghers and the neat little waitresses at the out-of-door cafés were to scowl instead of to smile at the British. I do not think, however, that anything so dreadful as that will happen; and I am confident that before his Majesty King Edward has to decide whether he will go to Marienbad this year or not, the Austrian Press will purr like pleased kittens whenever the name of Great Britain is mentioned. The Austrians just at this moment think us a nation of interfering hypocrites, but they are much too gentlemanly and much too good-natured to be angry with us for long. We on our part should be ready to treat them as penitents. We have had our fit of righteous indignation over the torn Treaty; but Austria is going to pay the Young Turks two and a half million pounds as compensation, and the grateful Young Turk will spend his Austrian millions on war-ships built in British yards; so we can afford to be magnanimous.



EVEN MORE DISCUSSED THAN THE "MERRY WIDOW": THE WIDOW OF FRANCE.

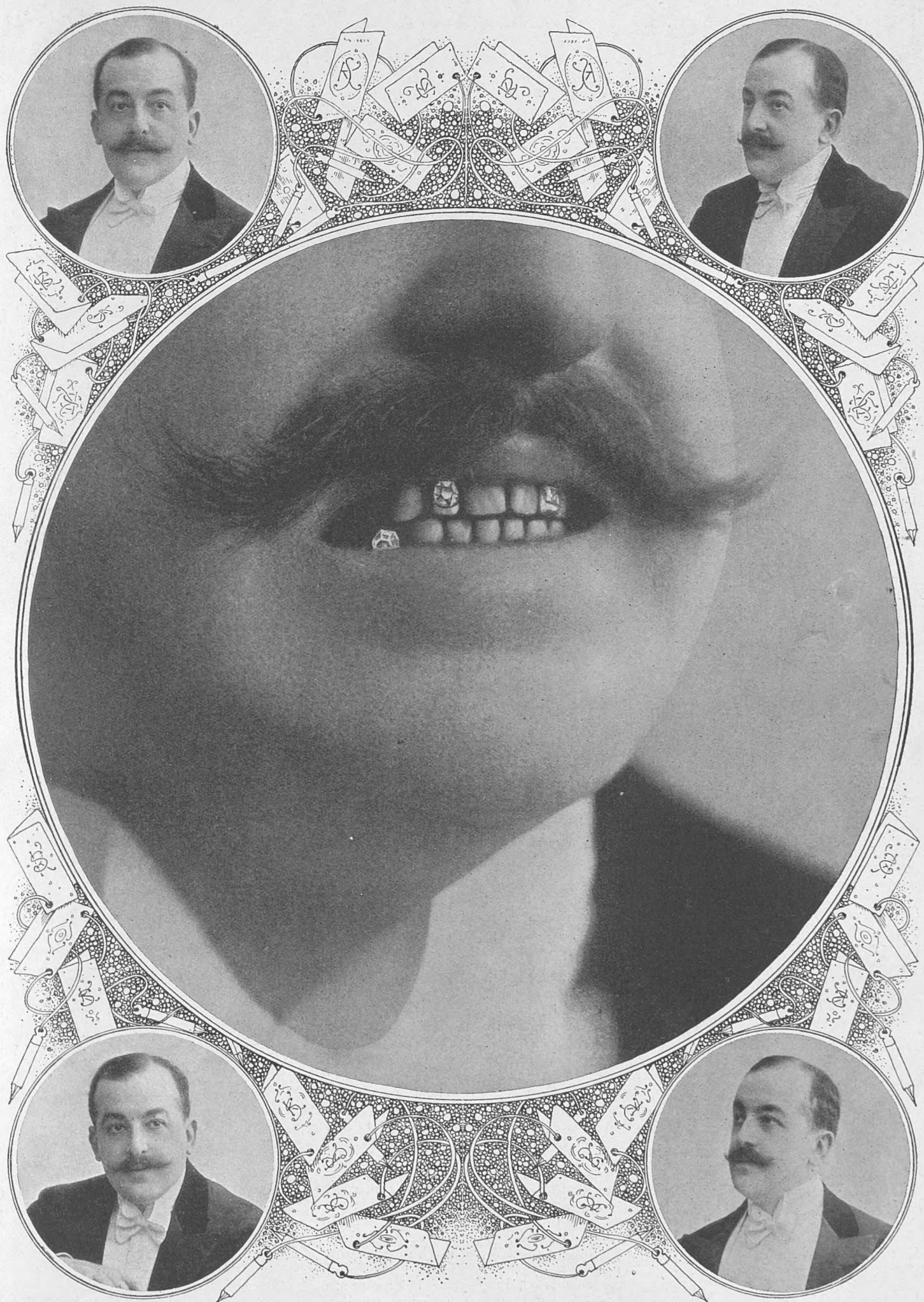
The guillotine, popularly known in France as the "Widow," has been brought from its hiding-place after much discussion, and has been used for the execution of four murderers. There seems little doubt that capital punishment, which at one time looked like being abolished there, will continue in France, though, on the other hand, it is almost certain that, in view of the attitude of the crowd at the recent executions, the law will be altered, that executions may take place in private.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



IMITATING AN IMITATION OF LIFE: A CURIOUS "MECHANICAL DOLL."

The performance, which is somewhat akin to that of "Phroso," is being given in Germany. During the body of the performance the audience believe the figure to be a doll, but at the end they are shown that it is a little girl, who mimics the jerky movements of a mechanical figure to perfection.—[Photograph by Frankl.]

THE DIAMOND-STUDDED TEETH OF "THE WORLD'S BEST DANCER."



MR. GEORGIE MAHRER (NOW OF DALY'S), AND HIS SCINTILLATING TEETH.

Mr. Georgie Mahrer, who has been engaged to appear in the third act of "The Merry Widow" and to dance with Miss Gabrielle Ray, has been described as "the world's best dancer." He is an ex-officer of Austrian cavalry, a Viennese, and one who has danced in most parts of the world. He has said that his new dance is a mixture of an eccentric Argentine, the two-step, and the Boston.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.



A PROBABLE MINISTERIAL HOSTESS OF THE FUTURE: MISS FLORENCE CHAPLIN.

Should Mr. Henry Chaplin become, as his friends feel sure he will do, a member of Mr. Balfour's next Ministry, that famous Fair Trader's unmarried daughter, Miss Florence Chaplin, will become an agreeable addition to political hostesses. Miss Chaplin is through her mother a niece of the Duke of Sutherland, and she made her debut at Stafford House.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

no less than nature, has done wonders. She now walks without a stick, and without a limp; and can stand up when the King stands up, as he often does, both before and after dinner, in a drawing-room, sometimes to the despair of hostesses, but not now even to the slightest inconvenience of Lady Paget.

Castles in the Air.

The marriage of Lord Campden and Miss Egerton Castle will not take place until June. Meanwhile the bridegroom's friends are likely enough to busy themselves about his advancement in the Diplomatic Service; and it is more than likely that the future Lady Campden will begin her first housekeeping, not in London, but in Brussels.

A Great Gun. Mr. George Wyndham, being in residence at Saughton Grange, joined the famous shoots of his step-son, the Duke of Westminster, though he was not down on the list of the house-party at Eaton Hall. The fame of the splendid bags made in the Belgrave Ride preserves has spread far and wide. It reached Earl de Grey, shooting with the King at Crichel, and was carried even to far Messina by Prince Arthur of Connaught. Major Laycock, whose excellence as a

THE King, faithful as ever to old friends, dined in Belgrave Square with Sir Arthur and Lady Paget one evening last week. It is impossible for her friends not to go on and on congratulating "Mrs. Arthur," as she was then called, on her most marvellous recovery from her fall down the well of a lift. Science,

The Granard-Mills Marriage.

Last week another American lady was added to the British Peerage, and, as seems always the case, the Great Republic outdid itself in its generous excitement over every detail of what the principal themselves, Lord Granard and Miss Beatrice Mills, desired to be a quiet wedding.

DONOR OF A "HOT-AIR CURE" TO LONDON: PRINCESS HATZFELDT.

Princess Hatzfeldt, who is one of the many American women who have married into the great European nobility, does her charities on a magnificent scale. Knowing our Sovereign's great interest in every kind of water and air cure, the Princess lately offered to the King, for some English philanthropic institution, a complete installation of the Carlsbad hot-air cure for the treatment of gout and rheumatism.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The young Countess is already well known in London society, for she is connected, through the marriage of several of her cousins and aunts, with many members of our great nobility; also she has often stayed as a guest at the American Embassy, for she is a niece of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. In spite of the effort made to preserve a certain dignified silence concerning these important nuptials, no one can wonder that America, with her great love of wealth and of splendour, has been excited, for it is said that the new Lady Granard will bring back to England with her wedding-presents valued at upwards of a hundred thousand pounds.

At Dartmouth House.

As Lord Granard is a Roman Catholic, and, what is more, a very prominent member of that faith, Bishop Cusack, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, pronounced the nuptial benediction. The names of the guests bidden to attend the ceremony, which took place in the splendid ball-room of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills's house in Fifth Avenue, were kept concealed from the Press, but, of course, the Four Hundred were strongly represented, Lord Granard's bride being



THE QUEEN'S FRENCH PORTRAIT-PAINTER AT WORK: M. FRANÇOIS FLAMENG.

M. Flameng, who recently had the honour of painting her Majesty's portrait, is one of the best known French artists. He does not devote himself entirely to portraiture, and six fine panels from his brush decorate the great staircase of the Sorbonne.

sportsman has secured him triumphs quite other than those merely of "record" bags, brought down the lion's share of the seventeen hundred pheasants that fell to eight guns in one day. Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, in some future "Reminiscences," should have something to say about the entertainments by which the popular young Duke celebrated, in Disraelian phrase, "his restoration to society and to himself." It did not lack features which mark a certain departure from the hitherto received conventions.

more or less related to the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Mackays, and the Phippses. Lord Granard is likely to take Dartmouth House, which is in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and it is there that he and his bride may begin their married life at home, after a brief honeymoon spent at Staatsburg, on the Hudson River, a beautiful place belonging to the bride's father. Soon the young Countess will take her place among the important political and official hostesses of her new country.



DAUGHTER OF MRS. WILLIE JAMES: MISS MILLICENT JAMES.

Miss James made her debut last year.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.



SON OF THE MAHARAJAH OF KUCH BEHAR: PRINCE VICTOR OF KUCH BEHAR.

The Prince is the third of the Maharajah's four sons, and is named Victor after Queen Victoria.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING'S MASTER OF THE HORSE : THE OGDEN MILLS' HOUSES.



1. THE BOAT-HOUSE OF THE OGDEN MILLS' PALATIAL HOUSE, STAATSBURG MANOR.

3. THE SCENE OF THE WEDDING OF THE EARL OF GRANARD AND MISS OGDEN MILLS: THE OGDEN MILLS' NEW YORK RESIDENCE.

5. THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO STAATSBURG MANOR.

7. STAATSBURG MANOR: THE EXTERIOR.

2. THE DINING-ROOM OF STAATSBURG MANOR, ON THE HUDSON, IN WHICH LORD AND LADY GRANARD ARE SPENDING PART OF THEIR HONEYMOON.

4. THE LAWN, AND THE VIEW OF THE HUDSON RIVER FROM STAATSBURG MANOR.

6. THE OGDEN MILLS' HOUSE AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

8. THE STABLES OF STAATSBURG MANOR.

The wedding of the Earl of Granard, Master of the Horse, and Miss Ogden Mills, granddaughter of Mr. Darius Ogden Mills, the famous American multi-millionaire, and a niece of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, took place last week at Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills' New York residence. The ceremony was made as simple as possible. The bride is a Protestant; the bridegroom, a Roman Catholic.—(Photographs by Topical.)

CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIERS



MISS HILDRED LAURA WARD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN MERVYN HAMILTON IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Miss Ward is the daughter of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Bernard Ward, of Staplecross, Christchurch, Hants, and the granddaughter of the fourth Viscount Bangor.

Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.

and Mrs. Damer "an embroidered gauze on a white ground, a diamond necklace of prodigious value, a sheaf of ornaments of diamonds in her hair, and a girdle of diamonds and festoons of the same in her dress."

The Happy Hostess. Crichel has long been familiar to its royal visitors, for, as Prince and Princess of Wales, they stayed with the late Lord Alington there in the winter of 1878, and on other occasions. Portman Square, which is Lord and Lady Alington's London foothold, has also welcomed the King and Queen.

Indeed, at one time the King so often dined there—not always, of course, at No. 38—that extra policemen were permanently stationed in its precincts. Lady Alington is the daughter of the late Lord Hardwick, and until her marriage her friends were forced to struggle with the name of Lady Feodorowna.

Kings at Your Service. Italy is not wholly depressed by the sights of Messina: he can still tell a story.

The Playful Peerage.

Just at present all the world, in an exclusive sense, is the stage, and all the peers and peeresses merely players. The Galways, the Londesboroughs, and the Huntingdons have all found whole casts—and high castes at that—within their own circle. Lord and Lady Chudleigh have also smiled welcomes at their guests through the paint and powder of the green-room. The most interesting, of course, of these amateur experiments has been the almost public, or at least widely noticed, performance of Lady Kathleen Hastings' historical play. She wrote it and acted in it; and as she is only fifteen and is descended from the Hastings who figures so largely in Rowe's tragedy of "Jane Shore," it is not impossible that before she has doubled her few years she may be the subject, as well as author and actress, of a piece—a triple heroine.

"No Tips."

The willingness of some hosts to have their servants put into good

humour by the tips of their guests has been so much criticised of late that there is a general change of custom taking place, and one gentleman,

who lately entertained the Prince of Wales, has gone so far as to post up "no gratuity" notices at his shooting-lodge. That the "tip" should become an obligation, and be regarded as a necessary augmentation of wages, is all against the principle of true hospitality. What would the lordly hosts, such as the Dukes of Hamilton of a few generations ago, have thought of such a thing? They went to quite the other extreme, and every visitor to the Hamiltons in Arran was given a token which



THE BRIDEGROOM OF TO-DAY'S VICEREGAL WEDDING: LORD CHARLES FITZMAURICE.

Lord Charles is the younger of Lord Lansdowne's sons, was born in 1864, is Captain in the First Dragoons, and has served in South Africa.

Photograph by Lafayette.



CAPTAIN MERVYN HAMILTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS HILDRED LAURA WARD IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Captain Hamilton is the only son of the late Mr. Dacre Hamilton, of Cornacassa, Monaghan, and is in the Gordon Highlanders. The wedding is to take place in Christchurch Priory.

Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.



MOTHER OF TO-DAY'S VICEREGAL BRIDE: LADY MINTO.

Lady Minto, whose third daughter, Lady Violet, is to marry Lord Charles Fitzmaurice to-day, was Miss Mary Caroline Grey, daughter of the late General the Hon. Charles Grey; and her wedding to Lord Minto took place in 1883

Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd.

When, the other day, a little girl failed to recognise her royal rescuer, he recalled to a gentleman in his company that even the great Victor Emmanuel was not always recognised by his subjects. One day a peasant, who had seen a master-shot made by the King, then shooting alone in the Alps, told his Majesty that if he would come round to his garden and shoot a marten that preyed upon the chickens he would pay him twelve soldi. At daybreak the next morning the King kept his tryst, shot the marten, and pocketed his pay, saying, "This is the first money I have ever really earned, my son; I am thy King."



IN TIMES LESS STRENUOUS THAN THE PRESENT: THE KING OF ITALY PLAYING WITH HIS CHILDREN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

was forbidden, but that it was, nevertheless, was thoroughly well understood. But those were light-hearted days, when gentlemen were happy as kings if they could carry their titles and cigars down to the pantry.



FATHER OF TO-DAY'S VICEREGAL BRIDE: LORD MINTO.

Lord Minto has been Viceroy of India since 1905. He succeeded to the title in 1891. His career is too well known to need recapitulation.

Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd.

enabled him to pass throughout the island, incurring every expenditure, without spending a penny.

Victoria's Rule. "No Tips" is not an elegant sign to post about a ducal mansion, and it is suggestive of still more unlovely sequels. The unwritten law should serve just as thoroughly in a well-conducted house—or even castle. We do not hear of the late Queen's putting up signs at Windsor that smoking

MUSICAL SHAW: A BERNARD SHAW PLAY AS A COMIC OPERA.

"DER TAPFERE SOLDAT" (OTHERWISE, "ARMS AND THE MAN"), AT THE WESTENS THEATRE, BERLIN.



CAPTAIN BLUNTSCHLI IN RAINA'S ROOM—MISS MARIE OTTMANN AS RAINA, MR. GUSTAV MATZNER AS BLUNTSCHLI, MISS LUDMILLA GASTON AS CATHERINE PETKOFF, AND MISS VILMA CONTI AS LOUKA.



IN THE PETKOFFS' GARDEN—MR. L. DEUTSCH AS GENERAL PETKOFF, MISS GASTON AS CATHERINE PETKOFF, MISS CONTI AS LOUKA, MISS OTTMANN AS RAINA, AND MR. V. KUTZNER AS MAJOR SARANOFF.

Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," last seen in London at the Savoy, in January of last year, has been turned into a German comic opera by Herr Oscar Strauss, and has been produced with a good deal of success at the Westens Theatre, Berlin. The title has been changed to "Der Tapfere Soldat" ("The Brave Soldier"). It is more than likely that this new version of "G.B.S.'s" work will find its way to London.

Photographs by A. Schertl.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E.F.S. (Monocle)

"PENELOPE"—"JOHN MALONE'S LOVE STORY"—"CHARLOTTE ON BIGAMY" AND "DIANA OF DOBSON'S."

"PENELOPE" has received a great deal of hearty praise, and some regard it as the high-water mark of Mr. Somerset Maugham. Certainly it possesses several very amusing scenes, and the author shows great dexterity in keeping his little plot afloat. How many plays we have had in which a straying spouse has been brought back to the fold by the simple device of giving him his head I should not like to say. It is all the more remarkable that Mr. Maugham should have built a new play on the theme which, on the whole, is fairly entitled to be called original. The best passages are the irrelevant little scenes in the consulting-room, where the author's observation of life plays a part. Mr. Brewer was quite funny as the timid patient, embarrassed by the feeling that it is indelicate to shove cash into the doctor's hand: we have most of us suffered from this trouble *chez le médecin*. Mrs. Calvert as the doctor's widow who worries Dicky O'Farrell with a long visit concerning an imaginary complaint was quite delightfully amusing. No stage device is more popular than that of causing a naughty character to turn things topsy-turvy, and denounce the virtuous people of the play, and Mr. Maugham uses it quite successfully in the scene where Dicky O'Farrell pitches into Penelope and her parents for not being sufficiently shocked by his intrigues with Ada Ferguson, and even alleges that he is the only one of the lot who possesses a sense of morality. In addition to this there is a very funny episode in the last act, where Penelope has her revenge upon her dethroned rival, Ada Ferguson, and mystifies and torments the naughty woman. In each episode Mr. Maugham carries on the business a little beyond the moment when the height of laughter is reached—a fault easily cured. The moral of "Penelope" serves very well behind the footlights, and gives rich opportunities for acting to Miss Marie Tempest, when, with a smile on her face and a tear in her voice, she assists her husband in his intrigue, hoping that her father's opinion is sound and that Dicky will soon get tired of illegitimate pleasures when he finds no difficulty in compassing them. It may be a trifle crude to present the wicked Ada in two of the acts coming to gloat over poor Penelope—even in Stageland she could hardly be such a fool as not to know that such conduct would disgust Dicky, and so work against her; but it leads to effective situations, and, judging by his later works, Mr. Maugham believes that the end justifies the means, and thinks that if he gets his laughter the audience will not be very critical as to his methods. It would be rash to say that he is right if he thinks so; my experience tells me that audiences sometimes laugh heartily, yet do not recommend their friends to visit a play because they are afraid to have their laughter criticised by them. However this may be, there was plenty of laughter, even if there were some dull passages, and the dull passages could easily be cut.

As heroine of the piece Miss Marie Tempest has what one may call a Marie Tempest part, and since it fits her perfectly she played it very successfully. The character of Ada Ferguson was very difficult, and, even if there were shades in it not quite indicated by Miss Norma Whalley, her work was of considerable interest and decidedly promising. Mr. Alfred Bishop represented the guileful father admirably. Mr. Eric Lewis, whilst skilful enough, was not very amusing as a toady uncle; and Mr. Graham Browne rather lacked the note of geniality and bonhomie as the Irish doctor.



"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA," AT MANCHESTER.
Miss Darragh as Cleopatra, and Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw as Antony, at the Queen's Theatre.

"John Malone's Love Story," presented lately by the Play Actors, seemed curiously unsophisticated after "Penelope," yet, whilst a little amateurish, was a rather pleasant, fairly interesting comedy—not strong enough, perhaps, for ordinary production, nevertheless worthy of a trial. The author, "Rachel Penn," has handled some scenes very well, but the play has the rather trying fault of being based on a misunderstanding, or rather a reticence, which would not have lasted long in real life. One scene was charmingly written: in it a really blameless mother is seeking counsel of her illegitimate daughter under guise of a story concerning a friend as to whether she should disclose to her the real relations between them. This was beautifully acted by Miss Edyth Olive and Miss Stirling McKinlay, who played admirably throughout. Mr. Arthur Applin presented the hero in an agreeable fashion and with considerable skill.

It is a pity that "Grit" did not last longer, but there was a warm welcome for "Diana of Dobson's" on its revival. Miss Cicely Hamilton's clever comedy seems still to have plenty of life in it; it is one of the few plays of 1908 which repay a second visit—some might say a first. No doubt it is rather uneven, but the vivid first act and the nicely humorous and pathetic last

might well carry matter far weaker than anything in the second or third. One feels the loss of Miss Christine Silver as one of the shop-girls in the first act, but Miss Mary Barton played her part very well. In other respects the original cast is almost intact, and one could hardly wish for any changes. Miss Lena Ashwell, by way of *lever-de-rideau*, presents Judge Parry's comedietta, "Charlotte on Bigamy," one of the cleverest short plays seen for a long time, in which it is shown how a Lancashire girl makes up her mind to commit bigamy with a man whom she loves since he cannot get rid of his worthless wife. It is rather a regrettable pity that the author should make a timid concession by giving an artificial twist to the piece and showing that the man was mistaken



"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA," AT MANCHESTER: MISS DARRAGH AS CLEOPATRA, MISS ELLA THORNTON AS IRAS, AND MISS PHYLLIS RELPH AS CHARMIAN, AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

"Antony and Cleopatra" is Mr. Richard Flanagan's fourteenth Shakespearean revival, and promises to be as successful as its predecessors.—[Photographs by Gullenberg, Manchester.]

in thinking that he was already married. The comedy was excellently acted by Miss Gertrude Scott and Messrs. Dennis Eadie and C. M. Hallard.

CUTTING SNOW INTO WAVES: A DIVISION—OF LABOUR.



DRIVING THROUGH A DRIFT: A SNOW-PLOUGH AT WORK ON THE RAILWAY.

The photograph shows a snow-plough at work. It will be seen that the snow, cut and driven upwards by the plough, resembles nothing more than sea-waves.

Photograph by Johnson.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Fortune that Never Was.

One of the legends woven about the fortune of Miss Violet Charlesworth was that she had inherited her wealth from General Gordon. The story was repeated in the papers without a question as to Gordon's having a fortune to bestow. He never kept any money; he gave away all that he had to homes for boys, to necessitous foreigners, to any object which appealed to his great heart. He had not a penny to leave. He might have been as rich as Cræsus had he desired. The same scrupulousness with which he insisted that his salary as Governor of the Equatorial Provinces should be, not the stipulated £10,000, but £2000, enabled him twice to refuse wealth

No one stayed to inquire why the communication emanated from Gladstone instead of from the Foreign Office; it sufficed that the note was upon official letter-paper, and up went Peruvians with a bang. Presumably someone profited, but there were sorrowing and sighing when the many found how they had been hoaxed.

Doing the Comparative.

It is really too bad that the German Emperor, if he makes a little speech or reads a little extract, should have to publish what amounts to an affidavit that he did not make a big speech comprehending a big extract. What a time he and his Chancellor are having! They ought to say to themselves as Rhodes used, in his blackest hour after the Raid, to say to himself, "Do the comparative," and see how much worse matters might be. They have only to look back to the time of Bismarck and the King who was King, but never Emperor. Prussians of the hour called Bismarck the German Strafford, and talked of sending him to the scaffold and of confiscating his estates. "Thereupon," Bismarck afterwards narrated, "I raised as much as I possibly could upon my estates." The King was not so resolute. He swore he would abdicate unless he could find someone who could govern with him. "What," he said to the Chancellor, "what if they send us both to the scaffold?" "What then?" cheerily retorted Bismarck, adding, "You are thinking of Louis XVI., but I would remind you of Charles I. He died with honour, at all events." It sobered the King by touching his honour as a soldier.

America's Admirable Crichton.

Now that Mr. Lloyd Griscom, the United States Minister in Rome, has resigned his post and is about to return to his native land, one of our London dailies ought to appoint him correspondent with a roving commission. Although he is a first-rate man at the calling which he is about to abandon, he is a born journalist. Things always happen where he is. He goes to South America with Lady Henry Somerset's son and Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and, lo! from the pen of the latter a rare good book is born, telling the adventures of the trio. He goes to Cuba and refuses the chance of becoming a General. Arrived in Constantinople, he makes matters smooth between Uncle Sam and the Sultan, and doubtless imbues the latter with that passion for democratic institutions which he is now displaying. Scarcely has he set foot in Persia when a new trade route to the coast is opened at his instance. He pitches his tent next at Tokio, and is the first man to cable to the outer world that the investment of Port Arthur has begun. Latest of all, we find him



RATIONS FOR THE WORKER: CARRYING MULBERRY-LEAVES TO THE SILKWORMS
AT DIARBEKIR, ARMENIA.

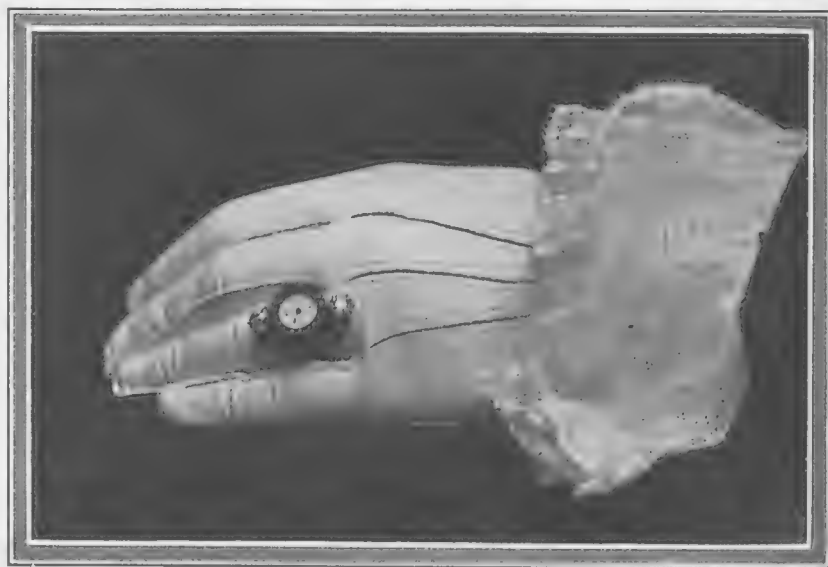
by the roomful when the Emperor of China offered it to him. The General of the Ever-Victorious Army returned rich in laurels, but poorer in pocket than he went out to China. The only material reward that he would accept from China was a gold medal struck in his honour. And that medal he sold, that he might have money to give to the sufferers in the Cotton Famine.

"Who is Gordon?"

If people still believe that Gordon had fortunes to bequeath to young ladies, we need not be surprised that in his own day he was not known and understood. When Gordon was appointed to go out to Khartoum a great man of Scotland—Deputy-Lieutenant of his county, a magistrate, and what not—remarked to an officer of the garrison at Pembroke Dock: "I see the Government have just sent a Chinaman to the Soudan—Chinese Gordon. What can they mean by sending a native to such a place?" One man knew, and that was Lord Wolseley. He knew what manner of man Chinese Gordon was, and said to him as, top-hatted and frock-coated, he was setting out to meet his death: "Have you got any money with you?" "No, of course not," answered Gordon lightly. Lord Wolseley rushed round and got together £300, and handed it to him at the station. A week or so passed; then Lord Wolseley heard that the philanthropic warrior had met an old and afflicted sheikh at Cairo and given the entire sum to him. That is not the way to build up fortunes for young people who do the vanishing-lady trick from Minerva motor-cars.

Pulling the Leg of the House.

With the kindest feelings in the world, it has been impossible not to smile for a moment at the thought of a smart firm of stockbrokers having, as it is alleged, been let down by the astute Miss Charlesworth. But the nimblest wits occasionally go wool-gathering. The Stock Exchange goes mad *en masse* at times. Who escaped the Peruvian hoax? There appeared upon the notice-board an important letter from Gladstone's private secretary to the secretary of the Stock Exchange, stating that a long-expected and much-desired settlement with the Chilean Government in favour of the holders of Peruvian bonds had been satisfactorily negotiated.



THE LATEST FAD: THE FINGER-RING WATCH—WORN OUTSIDE THE GLOVE.

A watch such as the one shown is valued at about £40.—[Photograph by Delius.]

amongst the stalwarts working for the sufferers at Messina. He is the best-found man that a London paper ever failed to brief, and he is welcome to this unsolicited testimonial to his efficiency in gaining chances and making the best use of them.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.



THE AMIABLE GOLFER: What are you looking for my lad, eh?
 THE AMIABLE GOLFER: Ah! What's his name?
 THE AMIABLE GOLFER: What does he look like?
 THE AMIABLE GOLFER: Well, how are you going to find him?

THE CADDY: Ah 'm lookin' for a gen'lm'n, Sir.
 THE CADDY: Dunno, Sir.
 THE CADDY: Dunno, Sir.
 THE CADDY: Look fer him, Sir.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



FEW, if any, of the many admirers of Mr. Lyn Harding, who appeared in Mr. Rudolf Besier's play, "Olive Latimer's Husband," at the Vaudeville yesterday (Tuesday evening), have any idea how near he was to leaving the stage very shortly after he went on it, or how dramatic was the circumstance which determined him to remain an actor. When his people heard that he had joined the profession, they were exceedingly anxious that he should renounce it. They accordingly got a great friend to go and talk it over with him. At the end of the conversation Mr. Harding promised to think the matter over, and to send his decision as soon as he had arrived at it. That evening, on going down to the theatre, he heard that the actor who played the villain had been taken suddenly ill, and was unable to appear. There was no understudy, and the manager was discussing the question of shutting the theatre. In his enthusiasm for his new work Mr. Harding had learned every part in the piece. He therefore went to the manager and offered to replace the absent actor. The manager scorned the idea, saying it was impossible to trust so important a character to a man who was so lacking in experience. Nothing daunted, Mr. Harding went off to the leading man of the company and told him that he knew every line of the part. The actor took him aside and went through two or three scenes with him. He spoke every word correctly. Then the leading actor went to the manager and told him what had happened, adding that, if they gave the part to Mr. Harding, the theatre need not be closed, and therefore the week's business would not be damaged, as would otherwise be the case. Making a virtue of necessity, the manager reluctantly consented. Mr. Harding gave so admirable a performance that not only did he win as much applause as the regular "villain," but at the fall of the curtain all the members of the company gathered round to congratulate him.

While audiences almost invariably see the humorous incidents which destroy the vraisemblance of scenes, there are occasions when only the actors notice them, and have no little difficulty in maintaining their composure. Such an incident recently happened during the performance of "What Every Woman Knows." At the close of the tense scene in the third act John Shand finishes a long speech with "Peace, all of you!" and makes his exit. While the front of the Hicks Theatre is in the fashionable neighbourhood of Piccadilly, the back abuts on to Newport Market, which is distinctly democratic, and where the proprietors loudly proclaim the excellence of their wares. On the night in question the dramatic intensity of the situation was ruined for the actors by hearing the proprietor of one of the neighbouring shops bawling, "Who'll have a duck, a lovely fat duck? Feel the weight of it, lady, feel the weight of it"—as a possible purchaser came by.

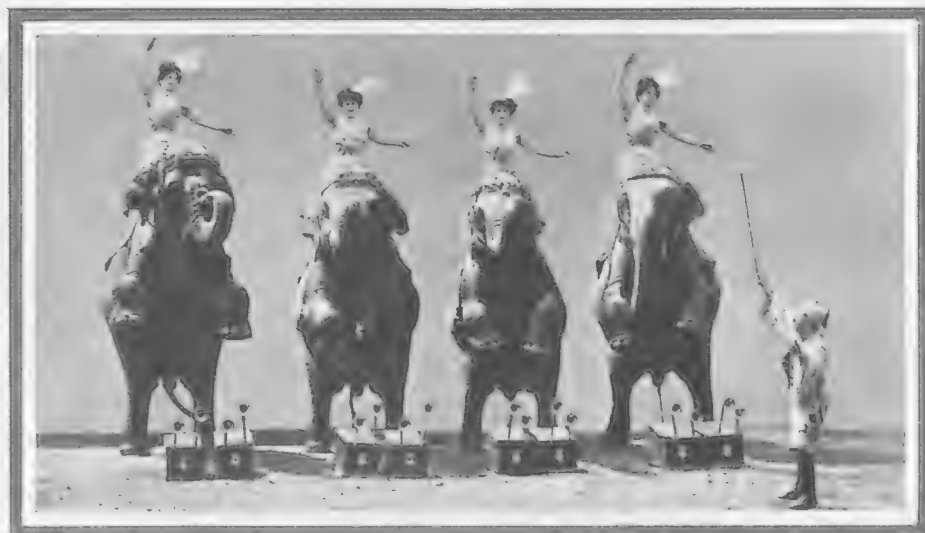
Apropos of this incident, it is interesting to recall the fact that in the early days of his career Mr. Gwenn was a member of what was called a Grand Dramatic and Variety Combination, in which his duties were very varied. In addition to playing in a blood-curdling melodrama called "Traill, the Anarchist," he used to have to

box three rounds under Queensberry rules and sing a comic song in the variety entertainment. The business was, as a rule, appalling, in spite of the high-sounding title of the organisation. If it did not lend itself to high living, certain incidents undoubtedly lent themselves to humour. On one occasion, when the company was booked for two nights at Northfleet, the audience was so small on the second night, consisting as it did of nobody, that the manager determined to take the company there and then to Gravesend (where they were to play the following two nights) instead of waiting until next day. When they

arrived, Mr. Gwenn and the manager went to see that the bills announcing the wonderful attraction had been posted. They went out, and presently discovered, in the centre of a crowd, the advance agent, with a small telescope directed towards the heavens; he was loquaciously recommending the public to walk up and look through the instrument, that they might see the stars which were to be visible presently in the dramatic firmament of Gravesend! It was his idea of "pushing" the business; but it did not succeed greatly.

While Miss Carrie Moore plays the Prince in "Cinderella," at the Adelphi, as if to the manner born, there was a time in her career when the costume of the principal boy furnished its most dreadfully serious episode, humorous as it now is to look back upon. It was her first pantomime, "Djin-Djin," under the management of Mr. J. C. Williamson, at the Princess's Theatre, Melbourne. Her part was that of a young Prince, and she had to appear in tights—garments which she had, however, never worn before. She saw them for the first time at the dress-rehearsal, and, having got into them, she waited, expecting to have something in addition to the short trunks given to her to put on and lessen the apparent "bareness" of her calves. Naturally, nothing was forthcoming, tights being the all-sufficient and all-important part of the lower portion of the principal boy's costume. While she waited the call-boy came with his peremptory summons, so Miss Moore picked up a little cloak which she wore to go to the theatre, and, wrapping it round her, walked on to the stage. As soon as she arrived there the stage-manager shouted: "Tell that child to take that thing off!" Nothing, however, would persuade "that child" to part with "that thing."

To every request to put it aside she simply said, "No." Eventually—as when a woman, even a very young woman, says she won't, she won't—the management had to effect a compromise, and gave her a frock-coat to the knee, which she wore during the run of the piece.



ELEPHANTS AND DANCERS AS PARTNERS IN A PERFORMANCE: A REMARKABLE TROUPE IN THE RING.



THE EDNA MAY-LIKE FAIRY QUEEN AT THE LYCEUM: MISS EVA KELLAND IN "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD."

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

GREAT BRITISH INDUSTRIES — DULY PROTECTED.



VI.—SHORTENING SHORTBREAD.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

I CONFESS myself to be extremely ignorant in all technical matters, and I hope the reader is too. Probably not, if—as it is only too likely—he is younger than I, because for some time, I believe—or, at any rate, hope—average education in this country has included a number of things which I was never taught. We were taught nothing of “science,” in the usual sense of the word, except some elementary physiology, our regard and respect for which was expressed pretty accurately by our name for it—to wit, “Stinks.” It is no good whatever anyone’s trying to explain to me the working of a motor or any electrical apparatus, unless it is done as to a baby or a savage; it is not safe to assume that I know the meaning of the simplest technical expression. I sympathise with the perplexed counsel in some electrical case who began his speech with: “We have heard a great deal, gentlemen, about volts and dynamos, and things of that kind, but what we want is the truth.” Even in regard to the arts I am obliged to critics of music and painting when they spare me technical terms—I am apt to get horribly muddled by them also.

And the same things happen far too often when I read the articles of military and naval experts: I follow their drift, as a rule, but I am always being pulled up by some word I am not quite sure of. This deficiency, however, has never prevented my reading the articles of the *Times* Military Correspondent. He is so interesting and so invariably, as it seems to me, “on the spot,” going to the heart of the matter in hand, that I should not grudge the use of a dictionary if one were necessary to the comprehension of him; as it is, his lucidity and pointed marshalling of arguments and facts carry me over my limitations. Secure in his mastery of his subject, and aware that his readers cannot but credit him with it, he is under no temptation to make a parade of technical minutiae; if he expresses the views of soldiers and argues with other experts, as he must, he never forgets that he is writing in the main for interested and intelligent, but not technically trained, readers. I suppose no other writer on his subject writes with such authority. One must not violate the august anonymity of the *Times*, but it is well known that before he exchanged the sword for the pen he was one of our most brilliant and promising officers, and his prestige as a commentator has grown both rapidly and steadily. For all these reasons I was delighted to acquire “The Foundations of Reform” (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.), in which he has collected various papers, ranging over a wide field of military history and criticism, but always converging on the need, the most pressing need, of this country to take sufficient toll of its manhood for its security. It is not a subject I can go into here, even if what I had to say were worth your reading, and I will content myself with remarking on the book that it deals most ably and thoroughly with

a subject no Englishman can afford to neglect, and in a manner no intelligent reader can fail to find attractive and interesting. If I had to choose a part I enjoyed personally more than another, it would be that on Pitt’s military policy, “Statecraft and Strategy.”

The anonymity of the *Times* reminds me of a book about the anonymous and pseudonymous in our literature, by Mr. W. P. Courtney, called “The Secrets of our National Literature” (Constable). It is a good subject.

“Anon” has done very fine work, but perhaps the best of it remains anonymous, not to be assigned by Mr. Courtney or another—I mean certain lyrics, especially Scottish lyrics, of which we shall never know the original authors. In modern times the great majority of writers using pseudonyms have not really wanted to conceal their identity, at any rate after the first book or two, but having adopted a pseudonym for some reason, fanciful or other, have found it convenient to stick to it. I do not suppose that Mrs. Harrison minds anyone knowing that she is “Lucas Malet,” for example, but having made a success or two under that pseudonym, she has naturally gone on using it; by the way, it is quite time we had another book from her. The attraction of “George” for feminine writers, I suppose, will never be explained satisfactorily. I acquit them of clinging to the skirts of George Sand and George Eliot. Perhaps there is a peculiarly masculine ring in “George” which makes it desirable to ladies who wish to pass for men; perhaps they have known Georges who were especially manly men—I cannot say. The late Mrs. Craigie’s pen-name, “John Oliver Hobbes”—I never heard why she chose it—sounded about as masculine as any name could sound, in curious contrast to a distinctively feminine genius. One of the strangest reasons for publishing a book anonymously I ever heard is that which Mr. William Black is said to have had for not putting his name to “A Daughter of Heth”: he thought reviewers had a prejudice against Scotchmen. How he got hold of such an idea I

cannot imagine; no nationality, I should have thought, is *per se* so useful in assuring a man aiders and abettors in writing or any other activity as the Scottish.

One little risk anonymous writers run is that of having their works “bagged” by others; Mr. Courtney gives instances. But a worse nuisance in the case of known writers from the practice of anonymity is that productions they would be incapable of are sometimes attributed to them—attacks, for instance, on their intimate friends. For that reason alone I think everything should have some sort of signature, which is either real or can be identified, if necessary, with the writer, even if it is only such undistinguished initials as

N. O. I.



THE PLAY “HENRY OF NAVARRE” AS A NOVEL: THE FRONTISPIECE OF MISS MAY WYNNE’S BOOK.

Miss May Wynne has founded a novel on Mr. William Devereux’s “Henry of Navarre,” the picturesque play concerning the massacre of the Huguenots which was produced a few days ago at the New Theatre.

Reproduced from the book, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Greening and Co.

THAT WERE TOO MUCH—TWO TOO MUCH.



MR. UPPALL KNIGHT (*in an agonised whisper*): Take my gold and my copper—you'll find one-and-tuppence in my trousers pocket—take what you will; but *wake the twins* at your peril!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BÈRE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A CUP OF COFFEE.

By WALTER E. GROGAN.

(Author of "The Dregs of Wrath," "The King's Sceptre," etc.)

THE little pearly clouds were all gathered round the setting sun just over the wood of Haumont. Above the sea the sky was quite clear, a tranquil blue growing slowly darker. Gulls were chorusing noisily from the cliffs and the abrupt grey rock islets which studded the bay.

Renée Barbelle sat crouched near the edge of the cliff, her back to the sun, her face to the growing darkness of the sky, her hands clasped round her knees. She had sea-green eyes, beautiful, magnetic, melancholy, and they seemed held by the mystery of the deepening purple dusk. Her heavy brown hair falling round her shoulders left her face in shadow. Sitting hunched and still she suggested Fate brooding over the world.

A man coming quietly over the short grass of the uneven plateau that crowned the cliff paused when he saw her. The pause was undramatic. It was evident that he expected to see her. He had at once looked in her direction when he had breasted the last yards of the hill that led abruptly to the plateau.

His thin lips smiled at the sight of Renée, his eyes softened. He walked forward to her side with quiet, quick movements, a tall, lithe, thin man. It was unusual that a man should move so quietly in heavy sea-boots. His approach suggested subtly the stalking of a feline animal.

Renée heard him when he was some yards away, but she made no movement. She sat crouched and impassive, staring at the sea. She spoke without moving her head or her hands.

"The sea is very still to-night," she said. She had a low, full voice that had a hint of mystery in its cadences. She frequently spoke long sentences on one note, but her voice never grew monotonous. "There is hardly a ripple out there where the sky darkens, Jacques."

The man's face changed suddenly. At the first sound of her caressing voice his smile had grown. Now he frowned, and an angry light showed in his eyes. He clenched his thin hands, and his lips parted a little, showing a gleam of white teeth.

"It is I—Paul," he said. "Not Jacques."

Renée sat quite still for a moment without speaking.

"You, Paul Verdéan?" She spoke slowly. "I thought you were still at sea. . . ."

"The *Saint Joseph* made the harbour on the top of the tide this morning. You might have known easily, Renée. They knew on the quay, in the market. Just a question, Renée . . . but it was not worth while, eh?" He spoke slowly, as though he had some difficulty in containing himself.

Again she was silent for a few moments before she spoke.

"Why should I inquire?" she asked at length.

"Why? Because you are affianced to me."

"That is not so, Paul Verdéan." She had no hesitation now.

"All but affianced to me, Renée. You have led me to expect it. All my life is bound up in you. It is your mother's wish, it is my desire. Last week, I went aboard the *Saint Joseph* happy. You had promised when I returned—"

"To give you an answer," Renée interposed hurriedly.

"An answer. . . . You smiled. I could not doubt what your answer would be. I could not. I was in a transport. The winds blew fair. It was an omen. We had a big catch. It was an omen. We carried to Cherbourg and sold at big prices. It was an omen. I never had such luck. And every moment I thought of you and happiness, Renée; and when I sold the fish, it was the more for our home and wedding-feast. . . . *Ma foi!* The wind carried us back to Cardeaux nearly as fast as my heart wished. It was an omen. . . . And then, on the quay, there is no Renée. I ask. She is on the cliff, I am told. She looks out at the sea—she looks for me, I whisper to myself, and climb joyously up the long,

dry, white road. . . . And you call me Jacques!" He used his hands in graceful gesticulation; he was caressing, dramatic, severe in turn. He spoke earnestly, pleadingly, but there was an undertone that menaced.

"You have cheated yourself," she answered. "It has not been my work."

"You smiled at me, Renée. It must have meant something."

"You were, you are my friend."

"That is not so. I may love you, I may hate, but friendship. . . bah! I have come for my answer, Renée." He tried to look into her eyes, stooping over her, but she gazed steadily out into the darkening purple dusk. "For your mother's sake, for mine—" He paused, and continued in a lower voice, "For your own."

Something in his tone prompted her quick, alarmed question.

"What do you mean, Paul?"

"For your own sake," he repeated.

"I do not love you," she answered at length. "I will not marry you."

"Jacques Bournais!" he cried. "The chemist, the pill-maker, the pallid, white-blooded chemist! *Mon Dieu!* he can bleat, he can wear Paris clothes at Mass, he has dandified airs . . . and you like that! I spit on him, Renée! Look out then, Renée! The night is coming. Do you see it—the night, purple, mysterious? And whisper to your soul, 'The night is coming!'"

"Paul, do you think I fear you?" she asked contemptuously. "You have always tried to bully me—you and my mother. But I am Breton too. I love where I love and I hate where I hate . . . it is nothing to you."

"It is everything to me!" he cried passionately. "You have cheated me!"

"I have not. You know that you have never really hoped," she answered.

"Before Jacques came—"

"Your friend, Paul," she interposed.

"My friend! I told him my hopes. He sympathised. See how great a scoundrel he is! Renée, you cannot love him!"

"I do," she answered steadily.

"You do!" he shouted.

"He has spoken—we are to be married," she said gravely.

"Ah!" The exclamation was like the cry of a wounded animal. "You were waiting for him?"

"He comes sometimes—when he can. It is too late now."

"He comes here—where I have found you so often!"

"It is my favourite spot."

"I know—I know," he answered. Then he drew himself up and looked round at the wood of Haumont, blood-red now from the wounds of the dying sun.

"It is a red sunset," he said.

"That means a good day to-morrow."

"Who knows?" he answered. Something in his voice made her turn quickly towards him. She could not see him very well from her crouching position upon the grass. She rose to her feet in her graceful, unhurried manner, and gazed at him intently with her curious sea green eyes. Standing back from her, his face turned to the sunset, Paul Verdéan was bathed in red light. It laved him, his face, his long, slim hands, like a sea of blood. And then suddenly the last rays dropped behind the curtain of the wood, and he was in shadow.

Still staring away from her, still speaking in the strained, hard voice of one who holds himself in leash, with that under-current of something infinitely menacing, he continued: "You have decided—nothing will change your mind? Nothing that I can say, or your mother can say? No consideration?"

[Continued overleaf.]

THE SNOW - DROP : A SKI FLOWER.



WAITING FOR THE THAW.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

"I have decided. Why do you ask?"

"I must be quite sure—quite sure. There must be no doubt."

"There is no doubt," she answered. "It is Jacques I love. Nothing can alter my love for him."

"There is one thing—death."

She shuddered; the pupils of her eyes dilated.

"Is that a threat?" she cried. "You are a coward, a mean coward, to threaten a woman."

"It is no threat," he answered slowly. "I am a fisherman, and death is always a near and familiar thing to us. . . . Jacques is my friend."

"He is—he is!" she protested vehemently.

"I know that; I have cause to know that."

"You speak bitterly."

"I am not conscious of it. . . . There is nothing more to be said."

He moved slowly away from her. She watched him go, and shuddered again. Then in a few swift steps she was beside him with outstretched hands.

"Paul, if I have given you cause to think hardly of me, think it only of me. I have gone too much in fear of my mother, perhaps, to be honest with you."

"That is all done with."

He did not appear to see her outstretched hands. He pushed on his slow way. Watching him go over the edge of the plateau, and so on to the white road that was now almost indefinite in the twilight, his deliberate, heavy steps suggested to her the odd fancy that he was being led—that (so different were they to his ordinary lithe, quick, silent movements) he was half-reluctant to be so led.

In a few minutes she ran to the edge of the plateau in a sort of panic, and peered after him. The white road ran into darkness, and some way down it a deeper shadow moved slowly away from her.

In the main street of Cardeaux was a little chemist's shop. Paul Verdéan came towards it slowly, but less heavily, and paused outside. His eyes were bright with some purpose; the rest of his bronzed face was impassive, a mask. His long, thin hands moved nervously, were never still—suggested, indeed, the tentacles of some marine animal seeking its prey. Standing inert before the little shop, he passed his tongue over his thin lips as though they were dry.

It was quite dusk now, and the powdered stars showed clearly in the sky. A little wind moaned quietly up the street. It sounded like the cry of a wandering spirit, low, complaining, lost. Paul suddenly turned and stared back over the road he had come. Then slowly he looked at the shops, the cobbled road, the sky overhead, a lingering, comprehensive, dispassionate look. His eyes shone with a red light, baleful, disconcerting. He slipped one long, twitching hand into his pocket, dragged out a handkerchief, and wiped his lips. Then he opened the little door of the shop and entered.

Jacques Bournais, behind the counter, stood with his back to the door, searching among the bottles.

He looked round at the click of the latch. A big, fair man, a man who must have descended from Norman sea-rovers, the lineal successor of one who might have sailed with Rollo, he seemed out of place in the low-ceilinged shop and the smug, rather ornate clothes he wore. He stared uneasily at Paul and forced a smile.

"I heard that the *Saint Joseph* was in, Paul," he said. "You had a fair run and a big catch."

"Yes."

"As owner that will mean something to you," Jacques spoke heartily, but watched his friend in a curious, wondering manner.

"Yes. . . ." Paul blinked at the shining bottles. His eyes—he was conscious of their strangeness—were turned away from Jacques.

"You look ill, my friend," the chemist said—"restless, grey. What is the matter?"

"There is nothing the matter," Paul answered dully.

"But you look as though you had not slept for nights," Jacques spoke with some sympathy in his voice.

"I am tired," Paul replied. He stared as though fascinated by the brightness of the bottles. Then a sudden intelligence crept into his face; his eyes shone, if Jacques could only have seen them. "I have had toothache. It has been bad, very bad. It is better now."

"I am sorry, Paul," Jacques answered.

"If I had a little laudanum—to rub outside. . . . The pain is not bad, but it is better to be without altogether." He tried to smile.

"The very thing!" cried Jacques. "*Mon Dieu!* You must have suffered," he added, staring at his friend.

"I have suffered," his friend replied grimly. "I have indeed suffered—as I thought no one could suffer. . . . Pain creeps into the brain, Jacques, and one sees and thinks— If I might ask you—ah! thanks."

Jacques reached down a bottle and poured a little of its contents into a medicine-glass, and handed it to Paul, who rubbed the liquid into his jaws with twitching fingers. Jacques stared at the other man. In taking the glass his hand had trembled.

"This is dangerous stuff," the chemist said, leaning over the counter.

"Yes, yes, I know. How much could a man take? Now, for the sake of curiosity, what would be a fatal dose?"

The chemist told him.

"Ah, so little. . . . Do I hear a kettle boiling over, Jacques? I should like some coffee."

Jacques smiled broadly. He was proud of his coffee, and Paul often shared it with him in the inner parlour when the shop was shut.

"I am glad. It will do you good, my Paul. You have not sat with me for weeks. It is time to close. Will you shut up, as usual, while I see to the brew?"

Paul nodded. He had counted upon that. Fate was playing into his hands.

When Jacques had disappeared into the parlour, Paul jumped lightly over the counter and dragged the bottle of laudanum from its place on the shelf. Into the medicine-glass he poured very carefully the amount Jacques had said would be fatal. His hands trembled, and he had to pause once or twice. The light beating upon his forehead glistened upon beads of perspiration. He opened a drawer very cautiously, took from it a small, slim phial, and poured the dose into it. This, corked, he placed in his breast-pocket.

"Are you ready, you lazy sailor?" cried Jacques.

"Very nearly, very nearly," answered Paul. He closed the door, locked it, turned out the lights, and entered the inner parlour.

Jacques was busy with the steaming coffee. He filled two big cups, and pushed one across the table to Paul.

"Sit down," he cried heartily, lighting a Caporal cigarette. "*Ma foi*, but you look bad!"

"I shall be better soon," Paul answered slowly. "I have no doubt I shall be better soon. Name of a pipe, I have no cigarette!"

Jacques turned his back to search for a box. He looked for a few moments only—quite a minute fraction of time—but it was enough for Paul's purpose. He plucked out the phial, and returned it to his pocket empty.

"I have something to say to you, Jacques," he said suddenly. "Sit down."

There was something strange in the man's manner. He sat with a hand shading his eyes. The fingers were restless—always restless.

"I have come from the cliff—down the Haumont road," Paul said. "I have seen Renée. No, say nothing, Jacques—nothing. There is nothing for you to say—it is for me to speak. I congratulate you on—on— You and she are to be married. As you know, as you knew very well, I had hopes. I told you of my hopes; you shared them. You were my friend, Jacques—my very good friend. You know, you know very well, how I thought of Renée when I was at sea—how I worked for her. . . . Well, well . . . and you made her love you. How very strange the world is. My friend! . . . That is where the strangeness comes. My friend . . . No, say nothing; there is nothing for you to say. . . . And, if Renée will not marry me, who better to succeed me than my friend?"

Jacques sat paralysed by the man and his mood—sat nervously sipping his coffee. Paul fingered his cup from time to time, his fingers twitching; but he did not carry it to his lips.

"I was angry with you. I confess that now. *Mon Dieu!* I came down the road with heavy hatred in my heart. . . . I saw Monsieur le Curé, and I spoke to him. . . . And then to others. I talked to many—choosing them judiciously. I have been busy, very busy, Jacques, my friend. . . . I have told them how I feared you."

"Feared me!" cried Jacques, half rising.

"Sit down!" shouted Paul, and gulped at his coffee. The sudden shout, the sudden fury startled Jacques. He sat down, staring across the table with growing horror in his eyes.

"Sit down! . . . My fear of you, Jacques. I said that you had stolen my love from me, from me, your friend. And that you knew I had made a will in favour of Renée."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Jacques.

"Oh, I made that very clear . . . I said I had read murder in your eyes."

"It is a lie!" Jacques shouted.

"It is a lie . . . I knew it, I acknowledged it. . . . I have no fear of you. But that is what I told them. I said that I would burn the will so that there should be no temptation . . . I burnt it to-night just before I came to you, Jacques. . . . I told them all I should go to Renée to-morrow and tell her that I was afraid to speak to you. That was a clever idea—don't you think it clever?" He finished the coffee in one gulp, and sat up, his lips twitching, his eyes horrible.

"What do you mean?" whispered Jacques.

"You shall hear. . . . I have been a fool, but you shall judge how little of a fool I am now. . . . *Mon Dieu!* I feel—feel sleepy . . . This room is hot. . . . And your coffee is unusually strong. . . . Listen, I will tell you . . . you, my friend. I have stolen—that is the word—stolen laudanum and—and put it in—my cup of coffee. . . . Do you see? . . . The executioner shall avenge—shall avenge—"

Jacques stared and stared and stared. He was nerveless. The horror of his position burst upon him. He shook. And Paul lay back, growing greyer, in his chair.

THE END.

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WORLD'S WHISPERS

ENGLAND has so many interests just at present for the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough that their stay in Malta is not to be a very protracted one. The first excitements of taking possession of Swithland Hall, their new place at Loughborough, and of "moving in" are over, but the "coming out," not of a house, but of a daughter fills the horizon. Lady Eileen makes her debut after Easter; and it has been represented to another Eileen Butler, the pretty daughter of General Sir William and Lady Butler, who is on a visit to Gibraltar, that the only way to avoid little social confusions on the score of this likeness of names is for her to change hers. It is the Marquess of Ormonde, of course, who is known as the Chief Butler of Ireland—Sir William always consenting!



A MAYOR WHOSE OFFICIAL SALARY IS FOUR SHILLINGS A MONTH: MR. J. D. FORD, WHO RECEIVES £2 8s. A YEAR FOR ACTING AS CHIEF OFFICIAL OF TIMPSON, TEXAS.

Mr. J. D. Ford is the Mayor of Timpson, Texas, and his official salary is four shillings a month, obviously by no means enough to pay expenses. Mr. Ford is editor of the local paper, the "Timpson Times."

Photograph by Fleet Agency.

akin to this exists in regard to that city and its citizens: where do its gentle ladies learn their gentleness and exquisite bearing, and how is it that they are invariably charming? Mrs. Clark, the young wife of the much-noted son of Senator Clark, whose millions seem incredibly numerous, even for the owner of Montana's copper mines, has been motoring in England and shopping on the Continent; and her sister, Miss Agnes Tobin, is now in London. Even some of San Francisco's men would not be sorry to quit a city troubled with all sorts of municipal corruption; and the strangely placed poet-Mayor, Mr. E. R. Taylor, who, being experienced in the relief of earthquake distresses, cabled his recommendations for Sicily, would doubtless exchange the messes of his own town for the great one of Messina.

A Memory of Tyburn.

The polite Peerage that says of Laurence, fourth Earl Ferrers, that, "having in a paroxysm of rage killed Mr. Johnson, his land-steward, he was tried, condemned, and executed for murder at Tyburn in 1760" varies considerably from contemporary accounts of a tragedy that appears to have been a particularly ugly one. However that may be, it was partly due to the disgraceful scenes at the execution, and therefore owing

partly to the ancestor of the happier Lord Ferrers whom we congratulate on the celebration of his sixty-second birthday on Sunday, that the public executions near the Marble Arch fell into disfavour. The heir to a title of much renown, but nevertheless, because of the event of 1760, a somewhat uncomfortable one to live with, is Mr. W. K. Shirley, architect, and cousin of the present holder.

Jack Ashore. The way they have in the Army seems to be taking a decidedly second place to the way they have in the Navy in the winning of brides. Everybody has been envying Commander Halsey his luck in the matrimonial market; for Miss Blanche Pechell is perhaps the most beautiful of the New Year's brides. The happy Commander's family, by the way, are strong on land as well as on sea; for they own a good deal of property in Surrey, including Pirbright, the place which they let to the late Baron de Worms, and which, when he was raised to the peerage, gave him his name.

"Master of the Horse to King Edward VII." Lord and Lady Granard are in treaty for a London house; so that a reduction of one will be made in the 75,000 houses to



SISTER OF THE HEROINE OF THE "MISSING MOTORIST MYSTERY": MISS LILIAN CHARLESWORTH.

Miss Lilian Charlesworth has not been so prominent in what has been called the "Missing Motorist Mystery" as her sister, but she has been quite prominent enough, according to her own ideas. Indeed, she has been pursued everywhere by reporters, with and without cameras.

Photograph by W. Hyle.

be sold or to be let in the Metropolitan area. Like Diana of the Crossways, Lady Granard prefers the Westminster region, and this, of course, suits her lord exactly, as he is of necessity a regular attender of Parliament, and, though a Master of the Horse, very often dependent on his own legs. If it is true that Mr. Ogden Mills is to allow his daughter £12,000 a year, the young couple will find no difficulty in securing a charming domicile, and one that is well within their united means. All Society will await their homecoming—for surely London will be called their "home"—with eagerness and interest.

No Great Treat. Prince Ranjitsinhji has had a royal welcome from his subjects, whose welfare, as he assured them almost in cricket terms, will be his most "careful aim." Meanwhile, Mr. Tuke, A.R.A., is putting the last touches to the portrait that is shortly to follow the princely sitter to India. The other day the painter invited to his studio in London the young daughter of a friend "to look at the unfinished Jam." The invitation was rather coldly received; and the young lady complained to her mother in confidence that she had been asked only to see the unfinished jam, not to eat it.

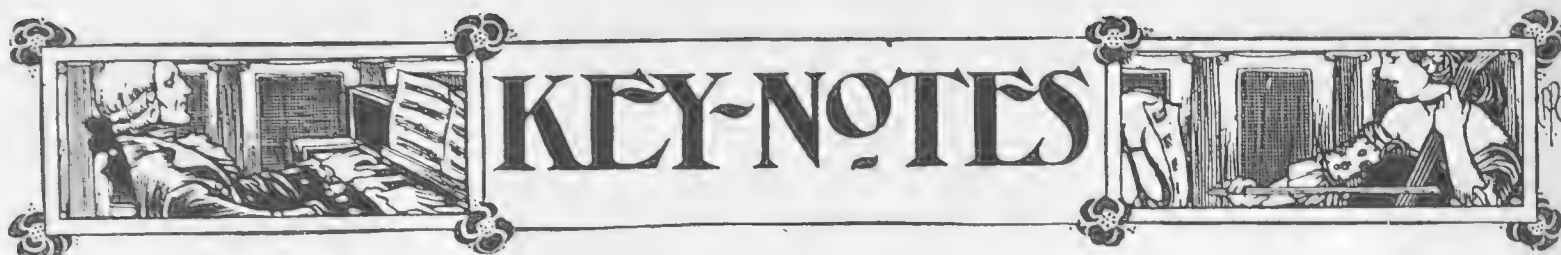
The Californians. Californians have been much to the fore in London of late, and this, perhaps, is very much due to the state of things in that dwelling-place of many scandals, San Francisco. Stevenson, after spending some time with noisy medical students, wondered where all the nice doctors of England came from, and where all the nasty students went to; and a feeling somewhat

Miss Addie Lewis.



MR. LYNTHURST BRUCE'S COUSIN FOLLOWS HIS EXAMPLE: MR. REGINALD WYNNDHAM BRUCE AND MISS ADDIE LEWIS, THE YOUNG MUSICAL COMEDY ACTRESS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE THE OTHER DAY.

Mr. Reginald Wyndham Bruce is a cousin of the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, the future Lord Aberdare, who, it will be remembered, married Miss Camille Clifford; and he, too, has gone to musical comedy for his bride. His wife, who was known professionally as Miss Addie Lewis, made her first appearance on the stage some four years ago, in "Three Little Maids," at the Prince of Wales's. Mr. Bruce is a lieutenant in the King's Own Scottish Borderers.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



AT the time of writing, when Covent Garden's doors are about to open, but the first performance of the season has yet to be given, the Elgar Symphony remains the most prominent creation in modern music. It has been the *pièce de résistance* at a feast of the composer's works—a concert that was all Elgar from beginning to end; and was, apart from the Symphony, good, bad, and indifferent in turn. A year ago a friend was talking to the writer



ONE OF THE FEW FOREIGNERS SINGING AT COVENT GARDEN DURING THE BRITISH OPERA SEASON: HERR HELGE NISSEN.

Herr Helge Nissen, who is said to be a singer of great capacity, has had the good fortune to be discovered by the experts of the Opera Syndicate, who are on the watch throughout all the European centres of music. He is a countryman of Herr Cornelius, and is making his first appearance before a British audience.

Photograph by Elfill.

Edward Elgar would agree with the suggestion that he has been specially fortunate in arriving at the proper moment. Many years have passed since the most of us were told for the first time about the "tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and repetition has not staled the saying. Just as there were brave men before Agamemnon, there have been gifted British musicians before Elgar—not long before him, even contemporary with him—but they have written what the public has not been ready to hear. It would not be difficult to name men to whose gifts a future generation may be more generous than our own; many lovers of music will think at once of Sir Hubert Parry, to mention only one. Who can doubt that, had he written his best work in the past three or four years, it would have achieved more popularity? But his first symphony was written in the early 'eighties, and his fourth was heard in 1889; and these were years in which the adjective "British" was held to have no proper or possible relations with the noun "composer." Public appreciation has been growing year by year; it is strengthened on nearly every side, and the rewards of those who work in the immediate future will be far greater than those that fell to workers in the recent past.

The Ballad Concert still stands between us and a London free from reproach in these matters. There is more than one cause for complaint. In the first place, the average ballad is a poor thing,

about a young singer who was about to be engaged by one of the most prosperous dealers in musical comedy. "He dare not engage her," was his comment; "as soon as she opens her mouth she will kill every other singer on the stage. While she is away they can pass muster; associated with a great artist they will be worthless from every standpoint save the spectacular."

Mutatis mutandis, this criticism applies to Elgar's Symphony in its relation to such works as the "Cockaigne" Overture and the Sea Songs. Even the pretty dances and the stirring march belong to another phase in the development of a musician's mind.

We should not be surprised to hear that Sir

M. Rodin.



MUSIC IN RODIN'S STUDIO: MME. WANDA LANDOWSKA PLAYING THE CLAVECIN.

with abundant sentimentality in the words and much tawdry ornament about the music. Then, as though to make matters worse, the artists who are engaged at the leading ballad concerts are seldom allowed to choose their own songs. Commerce wrestles with art, and is a victor. New songs are to be introduced to a long-suffering public; they must be launched upon their career with all the glamour of a great artist's rendering. This would not matter

much if they were good songs, but most of them are poor stuff—so poor that one is left in great doubts about the qualities that led the publisher's reader to commend them to his house. A good ballad concert at best must be like a long dinner of which each course consists of sweets, but a bad ballad is past all temperate rebuke. Happily for those responsible for them, there is a very large response to the attractions of these performances, and those who live to please must please to live. But the ballad concert as at present constituted will always excite the anger or contempt or despair of the man who loves music.

Yet a few days, and the latest fruits of Richard Strauss's strange genius will be given to the public in Dresden. We are told, doubtless to stimulate our interest, that in point of complexity "Elektra" is as far in advance of "Salomé" as "Tristan and Isolde" is in advance of "Traviata." We have been assured that a leading soprano has refused to allow her voice to enter into a hopeless contest with the score. Here, surely, are the first elements of popularity. If it were rumoured that the score of "Elektra" is a masterpiece

of expression in all its grades, that the dramatic and lyrical elements are of extreme beauty, there would be less excitement. Nobody who looks at one of the recent Strauss scores and considers at the same time the limits that Nature imposed on humanity can doubt that, for all his wonderful gifts, the composer from time to time stoops to mockery of his more ardent admirers. There will be a Strauss festival at Dresden in connection with the production of "Elektra," and two other operas, the "Feuersnot" and "Salomé," will be performed.

On Feb. 3 next one hundred years will have passed since Felix Mendelssohn was born.

In honour of the centenary, Mr. Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra will give a concert, with the assistance of the Sheffield Amateur Musical Society's Choir. On the night of Feb. 2 M. Chevillard will conduct the Philharmonic Concert, and Pugno will play Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor.

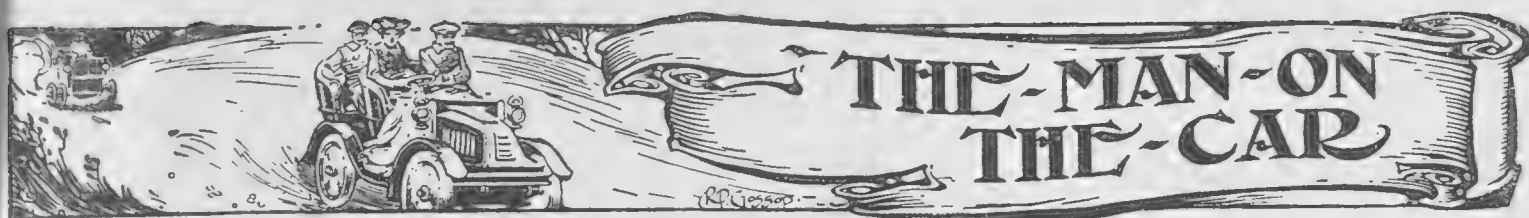
COMMON CHORD.



TO FILL LEADING TENOR RÔLES AT COVENT GARDEN DURING THE PRESENT SEASON: MR. FRANCIS MCLENNAN.

Mr. McLennan, who is to fill some of the chief tenor rôles at Covent Garden, has sung with success in the New World and the Old. He recently fulfilled a long engagement at the Opera House in Berlin, where he created the part of Pinkerton, when his wife, Miss Easton, appeared as Madame Butterfly in Puccini's opera.

Photograph by Russell.



OVERTAKING A TRAM-CAR: WHICH SIDE TO PASS? THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLDS; THE RIGHT—A REGULATION TO BE AMENDED—
THE BOYCOTT OF MOTORPHOBIST COUNTIES—MICHELIN'S ADMIRABLE ADVERTISING—THE GRAND PRIX DES VOITURETTES.

UNTIL Tuesday of last week, Jan. 12, 1909, motorists laboured, and drove motor-cars, under the impression that in overtaking and passing tram-cars running on lines monopolising the central portions of the road they should overtake and pass such tram-cars on the left-hand, or near side, for the safety of the public and the facilitation of traffic. And so they should, and so they have done; but they must do so no longer. If the motorist is to keep himself in the right, come what may he must now overtake and pass tram-cars on the off, or right-hand, side. Of course everyone realises that it is an undesirable and dangerous thing to do—dangerous for the motorist, and dangerous and congestive to the opposing traffic; but it has to be done, or the law is broken. It is the Lord Chief Justice once more: "For he himself hath said it!" Harken to the regulation, which directs that a motor-car "when passing any carriage, horse, or cattle proceeding in the same direction must keep to the right, or off side, of the road."

And this because his Lordship, and with him Mr. Justice Bigham and Mr. Justice Walton, in their wisdom were unable to find that a tram-car was not a carriage. If the Lord Chief could have seen his way to limit the word "carriage" to a vehicle which could move laterally, he would have been glad to have done so; and the anomaly—nay, the absurdity—and the danger of causing this unforeseeing regulation to apply under the above-mentioned conditions is to obtain until the regulation is amended. Until then quite interesting things are going to happen where tram-cars most do congregate and motor-cars wing their way. Let the mind of the learned in the London suburban roads ponder awhile upon such tram-filled localities as Kingston-on-Thames, Brentford, and Ealing in relation to that narrow part of the Ealing and Hanwell road famous for its central standards.

A motorist doomed to dwell in Surrey most reasonably seeks to persuade his fellows resident in that motor-persecuting county to take out their carriage licenses and also register their cars in any county but that named. He suggests this because motorists who do live there are mulcted in fines for the most trivial offences by policemen who are apparently taken off their proper duties merely because trapping is profitable. This justly incensed individual further points out that the Surrey police actually invite fast driving by reason of their never being seen on the roads. But Surrey is far from being the only offender. There are others which should be included in the boycott, amongst them being Sussex, Huntingdon, Berkshire,

Cheshire, Warwickshire, etc. It would be well if a County Black List were prepared by one or other of the motor journals and published at regular intervals, so that motorists might know what counties and districts to avoid in all possible ways.



THE FIRST PROFESSOR OF
MOTOR-CAR ENGINEERING;
MR. WILLIAM MORGAN, B.Sc.

The Merchant Venturers Technical College, of Bristol, has appointed a Professor of Motor-Car Engineering, in the person of Mr. William Morgan. Mr. Morgan, who is a member of the Institution of Automobile Engineers, is at present engaged by a well-known motor firm for research and advisory work, and as manager of that firm's pupil department. He will begin his lectures at Bristol in the spring.—[Photograph by Topical.]

For quite a long time past I have admired the uses to which Messrs. Michelin put the advertising spaces they control in the technical press. More frequently than not, they refrain from giant type announcements of their sales, mileages, and racing feats, and are at much pains to publish clearly written and admirably expressed advice and instructions as to the care and manipulation of pneumatic tyres. Such use of advertising space is of two-fold benefit, for not only does the appearance of such matter convince motorists of Michelin's interest in the economy of their tyres, but affords tyre advice from the people best qualified to tender it. Only last week I noticed advice with regard to the insertion of an inner tube. Great stress was laid upon the necessity of completely flattening the tube before filling it. Now, how often do we see this done? In nine cases out of ten the tube is crammed into the cover just as it comes out of the tube-bag, whereas the valve parts should be removed and the tube rolled upon itself, keeping the valve turned downwards until it has all been rolled up, when the valve parts should be screwed, and the tube will then remain quite flat for insertion.

All motorists interested in the development of small cars will rejoice that, the scratching of the Grand Prix notwithstanding, the Grand Prix des Voiturettes, promoted by that most progressive journal, *L'Auto*, will be contested. We are not so near perfection in small, low-powered light cars that we can look upon the arrest of all competition between them with equanimity; but it is necessary for the further development of these cars on right lines that very careful consideration should be given to the conditions under which entries may be made. This has been done by those concerned with the control of this event, for while last year the bore maximum was limited to 100 mm., greater latitude is now to be permitted to engine-designers. A single-cylinder engine may vary from 100 mm. to 120 mm. in the bore, and the stroke from 250 mm. to 124 mm. In the case of two-cylinder engines the bore latitude is from 80 to 95 mm., and the stroke 192 to 95 mm. Four cylinders can range from 65 mm. to 75 mm., and 140 mm. to 75 mm. respectively. The minimum weight must be 1320 lb. Under such conditions a most interesting and instructive competition should ensue.



OBSTACLES NO OBJECT; FORDING A STREAM ON A MOTOR—
ENTERING THE WATER AT FULL SPEED.

Photograph by C. H. Clandy.



M. E. BLANC AND THE DERBY—TWO-YEAR-OLDS—THE RACING ARMY.

THERE is generally a possibility of M. E. Blanc playing an important part in our Derby, and this year is no exception.

It will be recollected that Fils du Vent, by Flying Fox—Airs and Graces, was to have come over last year, with the object of trying to win the Middle Park Plate: I believe that programme was abandoned after the colt had been beaten in the Grand Criterion, a mile race run at Paris in September. This colt won one race and lost two in his first season, and was, on his initial appearance, thought to be a smasher. The subsequent defeats tended to modify this view, and it is believed now that another from the same



FOR MEASURING DOGS: A GAUGE
TENANTS' DOGS HAD TO PASS
THROUGH.

At one time the Lord of the Manor had the right to forbid his tenants to keep dogs that were above a certain size. Any dog that could not pass through the gauge shown, for instance, was tabooed, lest it should interfere with game.—[*Photograph by Knowles.*]

It is early days yet to write about two-year-olds, but my Newmarket representative has been looking round, and informs me that the Hon. George Lambton trains one or two which he thinks will win races. He refers specially to Brig of Ayr, by Ayrshire—Santa Brigida. This filly has shown to advantage in several four-furlong spins. She has several engagements, the first of which is the Acorn Stakes at Epsom.

Another in the same stable, Swynford, by John o' Gaunt—Canterbury Pilgrim, has a pedigree good enough for anything. Should he possess but a quarter of the racing merit of either sire or dam, he cannot help being a success. J. Dawson is reported to have a smart youngster in Wyoring, by Ocean—Whyota, an American colt belonging to Mr. F. R. Hitchcock. The colt has several book engagements, the first of which is the First Spring Stakes at Newmarket. He is a fine specimen of the thoroughbred, and looks like making up into a good one.

Two-Year-Old Stakes at Newmarket. Of the Kingsclere two-year-olds I hear good accounts of Salamis, by Ajax—Semitone, and Winkipop, by William the Third—Conjure. Neither has an engagement prior to Ascot. The most heavily engaged of his Majesty's two-year-olds is Flaming Vixen, by Flying Fox—Amphora. This chestnut filly is nominated in no fewer than thirty races for this season, the first being the Brocklesby Stakes and the last the Brethby Stakes.

The "racing army," as it is sometimes called, may be roughly divided into three sets—one set will have nothing to do with any kind of racing except that which is carried on under Jockey Club rules; the second set hates anything in the way of racing except that under the dominion of the National Hunt; and the third set tolerates any breed and "goes racing" all the

CAPTAIN COE.



A BARON ON A RAFT: A NEW LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS.

In the foreground, aboard the new Renard life-saving apparatus, is Baron Henri de Rothschild. One of the chief officers of the Engineering Department of the French Fire Brigade and the Duc Decazes accompany him. It is claimed that the invention will be of the greatest use.—[Photograph by Rol.]



TRAINING IN A TANK; SCULLING PRACTICE IN THE GARDEN.

The tank has been set up in his garden by M. Louis Saint-Pé, of Bayonne, a former champion of South-West France, and is for the use of his nine children. He claims that it gives them all the benefits of rowing without the danger. The water is two feet deep.

one is inclined to think that they, to a very large extent, keep their own counsel. What they know they forget to tell, and what they see they keep to themselves. And probably that is why they manage to see their way through year after year.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**When Women
Talk Well.**

By an unwritten social law, ladies are not supposed to usurp the conversation at a dinner-table, nor even to be much heard; and yet there are multitudes of men who find delight in feminine talk, and will listen to it for hours, especially in a solitude *à deux*. The reason, however, is not far to seek, and shows the simple means by

which Woman attains her ends—namely, Love and Power. For, as Dr. Bernard Hollander has recently informed us in a lecture on "Woman and Her Brain-Capacity," her conversation, at least to man, is "not uninteresting, and sometimes most charming, for, unlike man, she does not talk of herself, but of him." So the secret is out at last, and minxes will please note that the only talk a man thinks "charming" must be concerned solely with himself. Thus is the age-long farce between the sexes kept up—neither revealing their true character and disposition to each other, man content to see himself mirrored in the minds' eyes of his polite feminine contemporaries. Yet if I were a man, I should set myself assiduously not only to making women talk about themselves, but to grasping their angle of vision, for in no other way can you perceive the finer shades of the Human Comedy.

**A Plethora of
Girls.**

Might one venture to suggest to the writers of musical comedy that we have had a surfeit of girls? Why not inaugurate the new theatrical season with

a play about a boy? It is the ladies who are the chief theatre-goers, and it is they who drag along their often unwilling male belongings to the playhouse. They would not be human if they were not attracted to a piece in which the chief character was, say, a tenor of sweet-and-twenty and dazzling charm. Why, in short, should all the chief masculine parts be more or less grotesque, and why should the young man never have the beau rôle in the modern "light" entertainment. Most of the scenes in these popular plays exhibit one small masculine droll, with a single tuft on his bald head, surrounded by eight strapping Amazons in gold and purple, topped by extravagant hats. This primitive situation may have been humorous once, but an audience sated with elaborate petticoats longs for a touch of masculinity in the theatre. One can even have a plethora of girls.

**Vanished
Sentiment.**

Does anyone indulge in the emotion of sentiment nowadays? Even in Germany, once the land of *Schwärmerei* and romance, the young people seem to read realistic books, look out for the main chance, and exhibit a kind of callous passion in their love affairs rather than the romantic sentiment which we in England associate with our Teutonic cousins. The immortal songs of Heinrich Heine are strangely inappropriate to the twentieth-century swain in the Fatherland. And the German girl of to-day, as we have recently been told by Mr. Austin Harrison, is singularly unlike the Gretchen of Goethe, except, perhaps, in her love of finery and her determination to "warm both hands before the fire of Life." In Lady Paget's interesting memories of "Berlin Society in the Fifties," she

relates a touching episode which sounds as remote from modern ideas as a Crusade or a Court of Love, and it is still more strange in that the chief actors were presumably French, and not German. When Lady Paget, as a young girl, stayed with relations near Leipsic, she used to pass a wood where a French officer, during the Napoleonic wars, had been buried, close to the road, under a great oak-tree. "Every year, on the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic," says the memoir-writer, "a wreath of flowers was laid upon the grave by a lady in deep mourning, but nobody knew who she was." This was forty years after the great conflict, but annually, on Oct. 18, the wreath was always renewed. Happy soldier-man to have inspired such devotion! I wonder how many people keep green and be-garlanded the graves which dot South Africa?

**How Do You Shake
Hands?**

A Professor has recently made the disconcerting discovery that we all reveal our true characters by the way we shake hands. Those who should adopt the foreign habit of bowing instead

wish to dissimulate of proffering the fingers of friendship; for it is by the way we grasp each other, and the amount of pressure we put into our greeting, that the true inwardness of our character and temperament is sure to be betrayed. Yet hand-shaking is chiefly a matter of the moment, and, like another kind of salutation—which is said to be out of favour when the gorse is out of bloom—one would imagine it to be largely an affair of the two persons concerned. Some people, however, never change their peculiar style of greeting; and we have most of us suffered, at one time or another, from the "honest John" who grasps you with an iron vice, the individual who treats your hand like a pump-handle, the woman who gives you two fingers, the schoolgirl's demonstrative wring, and the young man who holds your hand aloft as if it were an object in an exhibition of curiosities. Perhaps the most engaging greeting of all is that of the wondering-eyed baby, who shamelessly stares you out of countenance while it grasps one of your fingers tight in its exquisitely foolish hand. I fancy women are mostly favoured by these intimate salutations, in which Baby's true character is revealed as a person hopelessly dependent on the feminine sex.



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING GOWN OF BLUSH-PINK
CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

A DRESS OF NATTIER-BLUE CLOTH, TRIMMED
WITH BANDS OF VELVET.(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-
About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE sales remain the chief excitement of my sex in town. There is a marvellous fascination, my sisters, in being behind the scenes, as it were. I hear of ladies being sum-

moned to sales by confidential letters as to bargains specially suitable to them personally. I have seen some of them, and my admiration for the shopkeeper knows no bounds. That we are a nation of shopkeepers is a very fine thing. The up-to-date shopkeeper is at least a thousand and three removes from a fool!

There was a ball at Hatfield House on Thursday night—one which will be specially remembered for the county début of the daughter of the historic house of Cecil, and also for that of her aunt, Lady Lettice Gore, who is one day younger than her niece. Both girls are in their eighteenth year. There is a cousin of the bonnie house of Airlie, Lady Esther Ogilvy, who is in her seventeenth year, and who will, it is believed, join the ranks of this year's débutantes. Her eldest sister, now Lady Kitty Vincent, came out at a ball given for that event by her aunt, Lady Salisbury. Last winter there was again a ball, but Lady Airlie's second girl, Lady Helen, was then with her on a trip in India. She was at Court last year, and one of the prettiest débutantes of the season. Lady Esther is seventeen this week. The heir to the Marquisate of Salisbury and his cousin, the young Earl of Airlie, have about a month difference in their ages, both fifteen. A third cousin, Master W. H. Smith (who will one day, if he lives long enough, be Viscount Hambleden), is ten years younger; so also is Viscount Sudley, only son and heir of the Earl of Arran, and another cousin.

The Earl of Rosebery is giving a ball soon at Dalmeny, which will be a bright particular star in the Edinburgh season social firmament. There are to be two hostesses. One, with a widower host, would never do! Both are married, so there can be no gossip about the Earl. Mrs. James Dalmahey and Mrs. Robert Finlay are those upon whom the honour has fallen. The ball is in some mysterious way to further the cause of enlistment in the Territorial Army. Perhaps each lady guest has to bring so many scalps—that is, recruits. Anyway, it is being called a Terriers' Ball, and being eagerly looked forward to in the very exclusive society of the Scottish capital.

Last week Lord Rosebery went to Cullen House, and there visited a very remarkable lady, Caroline, Countess of Seafeld. She is a very wealthy woman, and has many times entertained the King and the Prince of

Wales at Castle Grant, her fine old, partly mediæval residence in the Highlands, not far from Tulchan Lodge. She owns Grantown and many, many thousands of rich acres, also Balmacaan (tenanted for some years by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, of New York) and Cullen House, where she principally resides. Most of these possessions were left to her by her only son, the eighth Earl of Seafeld, who died when he was thirty-three. He was a fine young Lifeguardsman and unmarried. Lady Seafeld has administered the estates very wisely. Her father was the last Lord Blantyre but one, who was accidentally killed during the conflict at Brussels in 1830. His son, the last Baron, had one son, who died unmarried. Castle Grant is quite an extraordinary old house. The carpet is largely in the Grant tartan, the ground of which is scarlet;

and the curtains in one room are of the hunting tartan in shades of grey, woven by Lady Seafeld herself, from the wool of sheep off her own moors. She is now an old lady, but acted hostess to the King at luncheon last autumn. Tulchan Lodge, where his Majesty so often stays, was built by the late Lord

Seafeld as a shooting-lodge. Its present tenant, Mr. Arthur Sassoon, has greatly enlarged it.

So far there is no change in fashion from the long lines and closely

clinging skirts. If the stories told by theatre attendants and vergers and vergeresses in West-End churches are true it would seem that the vogue for swooning is coming in again. Whether the renewal of fainting fits has anything to do with the slenderness of figure necessary for the effective wearing of Directoire dresses readers must determine. The *reentrée* of the two simultaneously may be coincidence. In any case, there are quite a number

of Englishwomen who can wear the sheath dresses without any kind of inconvenience. If others built on different lines emulate them they must take the consequences; yet another bad result of the fashion in dress, reported by members of the medical profession, is that their smart patients lose weight too quickly and become too thin. This renders them unsightly in evening dress, and accounts largely for the layers of flesh-pink tulle that are worn across the décolletage, and also for the transparent sleeves to the wrists.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be seen of a dress of Nattier-blue cloth, trimmed with bands of velvet rather deeper in colour, worn over a blouse of tucked pale-blue net. The adapted Directory drapery below the bust is finished with a buckle of Swedish enamel in translucent blue. The evening gown of which a sketch appears on the same page is of blush-pink *crêpe de Chine*. It is finished on the bodice portion with pink lace, and has a waist-band of rose-coloured velvet.

The Queen was kept indoors last week at Sandringham by an attack of influenza. There had been a good many cases there before the King was attacked. It was thought that when their Majesties went back there, all would be well. The day after Miss Hervey's wedding, the Queen fell ill, and Sir Francis Laking went down and looked after her Majesty, whose depression arising from the malady was increased by the sad associations of the week. This week the Court will be at Windsor for the memorial service for Queen Victoria. The Queen will attend it if her doctor permits, and

her attack was not severe or serious. January is always a trying month for members of the royal family.

Queen's Gate is to be the future headquarters of Archbishop Maclagan. There have been pangs in the parting from Bishopthorpe Palace—"The pang of all the partings gone, And partings yet to be." To say good-bye to the House of Lords is an affair of less sentiment. Queen's Gate is not exactly a "churchy" quarter. The Oratory rather dominates the district; and, in place of his glorious old Minster, the Archbishop will have to be content with the South Kensington Museum. The locality has, however, a number of old and agreeable and personal associations for the Archbishop, and it is honeycombed with houses of his old friends.



A DIAMOND ORNAMENT FOR THE NECK ON VELVET, AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



MISS GWEN MARSHALL, DAUGHTER OF SIR HORACE MARSHALL, AS A NORMANDY PEASANT GIRL, AT THE FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Photograph by Wayland.



MISS EDNA CONSTANCE EDWARDS AS "VIVANDIÈRE," AT THE MANSION HOUSE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray



MISS AIMÉE HENRIETTE EDWARDS AS "MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY," AT THE MANSION HOUSE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Photograph by Webster and Son.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 26.

AS we anticipated last week, the Bank Directors have been obliged to put up their rate, but as long as 3 per cent. is sufficient to attract at least a portion of the gold supplies in the market no harm to business will be done.

Our correspondent "Q" desires us to say that he is not at present writing any note on the Commonwealth Oil Corporation, because he can give no information that the shareholders do not already possess or add anything to what was said at the general meeting. The speech of Mr. W. Chamberlain exactly expresses "Q's" views, and he believes it to be an accurate and straightforward statement of the position, to which he can add nothing that would be of value.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"There is this to be said about the West African Market," declared a dealer in the Street. "The market has more money at the back of it than ever before."

"But hardly any of the Jungle things have ever paid a dividend."

"Simply because they've never had the money to develop the properties. Now some of them have got it, and the Jungle has the chance of a lifetime."

"They tell me to buy Fanti Consols and Prestea Block "A" even now."

"All I know is that some of the biggest people in the Kaffir Circus have cleared out of their Jungle shares, and are watching for a slump."

"And I know for a positive fact that other people, just as big, haven't sold a share off their books, because they look for a much bigger rise."

"Seems rather perplexing," soliloquised Our Stroller, who had taken short profits on Yankees, and was on the look-out for another gamble.

Anon and along came his broker, busy man, armed with wire-book, dealing-case, and an inscrutable smile.

"Do you think there's any money to be made out of West Africans?" queried his client.

"Plenty," was the reply, "provided you happen to do the right thing."

"The public always buy," Our Stroller reminded him.

"And the other people make the money," came the retort.

"Then you don't advise a purchase of West Africans?"

The Broker smiled inscrutably. "One never knows," he answered oracularly. "But I am bound to admit that while all my professional sentiments are against the market, the buying of late has been distinctly good, and there's more public about it, too."

"You're too impartial for me," said Our Stroller.

"It's my failing," admitted the broker frankly, "and I know it. I miss a lot of business because of my unfortunate habit of putting both sides of a stock before a client, instead of saying boldly, 'Oh, sell the rubbish,' or 'My dear Sir, buy it? Why, it's the absolutely cheapest stock in the market.'"

"People like their broker to be decided in his views, eh?"

"Rather. But it's my hapless failing to have been born with a mind which balances pros and cons, and frequently halts at a decision which a client prefers should be given him at once."

Our Stroller laughed. "I suppose it is a little awkward at times," he commented.

"Awkward isn't the word at all. Now take the Yankee Market. I see a dozen things in favour of a rise. I see quite as many others which make for a fall."

"Then what do you advise?"

"Speculation. It's not often I advise a gamble, but in Americans I think it's good to buy them after a tumble and sell them on any couple of dollars' rise."

"Which is a course of action calculated, my young friend, to land you in quite conceivable difficulties in the long run." And the speaker, a fellow-broker, lit a cigarette from the other man's cigar.

"Not if you play pretty lightly," said Our Stroller's broker.

"Is it time to buy Trunks yet?" asked Our Stroller.

"The very idea of Little Trunks standing at 18 or 20 is as absurd as it would be to suppose the stock will get a dividend in your lifetime, or mine."

"Eighteenpence is nearer the value of the stock. And I should think that 20 is the full worth of Trunk Thirds for a bit."

"Of course, what they say now is that there's no market in Trunks. At one time it was about the most liquid—"

"It's no use you 'intin', dearie!" quoth the broker in a thin falsetto, immediately recognised.

"Come on," said Our Stroller.

RIVER PLATE TRUST: TWO NITRATE COMPANIES.

The River Plate and General Investment Trust Company has declared this week a final dividend of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Deferred stock, making, with the interim dividend already paid, $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year 1908, as compared with 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 1907. This is one of the Trust Companies whose stocks I have so often recommended as sound investments in these columns. When I first referred to the Deferred stock, in August 1905, the dividend paid for the previous year had been $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which was increased in 1905 to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and in 1906 to 6 per cent. Thus it will be seen that the dividend has been raised every year. One would have supposed that the price of the Deferred stock would have advanced proportionately, but this is far from being the case. In August 1905 the quotation was 96, and in February 1906, when the dividend had been raised to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the stock was quoted 110 $\frac{1}{2}$. The price to-day is only 120, although there

is no reason to doubt that the dividend can be maintained at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In fact, a higher rate is quite possible: the recent advance is largely due to the fact that the Company has been able to issue £250,000 of 4 per cent. Debenture stock, and invest this sum at a considerably higher rate, the difference, of course, going to swell the amount available for dividend on the Deferred stock. As, however, £100,000 of this Debenture stock was only issued during 1908, the full benefit has not yet been felt by the Deferred stockholders. The Deferred stock should go over £130.

The fusion of the Liverpool and San Donato Nitrate Companies should be of advantage to both Companies. To put the matter in a few words, the Liverpool Nitrate Company has absorbed the smaller Company at an expense of only 6400 shares, the capital of the Liverpool Company being now 28,400 shares instead of 22,000. The balance of the price is paid in cash out of the Liverpool Company's reserve. The new Company starts with a reserve of £50,000, and liquid assets amounting to over £90,000. The quota of the Liverpool Company is 700,000 quintals, and that of the San Donato 400,000, or 1,100,000 for the new Company. Under the present Combination a deduction of 53 per cent. has to be made from this, and a still larger deduction will have to be made under the new Combination. The Liverpool Nitrate Company has produced in the past as much as 180,000 quintals in a month, and San Donato 79,000. It will therefore be possible for the new Company to produce the whole of its working quota at either officina, thus saving the entire expense of one staff. The present price of nitrate is not very remunerative, and some of the Companies have had to close down their works, but this Company can make a profit so long as any Nitrate Company can, and will be able to pay a fair dividend, even in these bad times. The world's consumption of nitrate continues to grow, and when the inevitable improvement in prices comes, this Company should be able again to pay the large dividends such as shareholders have received in the past.

P.S.—All those who are interested in the Rubber industry should read Mr. Arthur Lampard's speech at the meeting of the United Serdang Plantations on Wednesday last. I shall have something to say about the excellent prospects of this Company on a future occasion.

RHODESIA.

As we listened to Professor Wallace lecturing on the agricultural future of Rhodesia at the Royal Colonial Institute on the 12th inst., we confess we despaired more than ever of the Chartered Company and all its works. According to Professor Wallace, comparatively small areas are suitable for wheat and maize, while the land available for tropical agriculture, such as tobacco and cotton, is even more limited. The labour supply is both scanty and inefficient, to say nothing of its excessive cost, and the future depends on stock-raising; in other words, the country is not, and never will be, suitable for close settlement. The white man, it seems, is once more to learn from the savage; and just as Lobengula and his predecessors had found by experience that the country was suited chiefly for large herds of cattle, so the successors of Cecil Rhodes are to find that in grazing the agricultural future of Rhodesia must be established. All this alone would be discouraging enough, but Professor Wallace considers that, in its present unfenced state, the country is liable to be swept at any time by rinderpest and other diseases, and that, to secure even a grazing future for Rhodesia, compulsory fencing is an absolute necessity. As the result of his journey, the Professor had, some weeks ago, submitted a long and elaborate report to the Chartered Company, and it is to be hoped that this document will be made public with as little delay as possible, not only for the sake of intending immigrants, but in order that the shareholders themselves may know the truth about the land in which their money—or some of it—has been sunk. We have preached the folly of holding Chartered shares for years, and we say again, sell while you can get 16s. apiece for the shares, or £80 or £85 for your Mashonaland or Rhodesia Railway Debentures—not because you may buy them back a few shillings or a few pounds cheaper, but because, if you hold long enough, you will get nothing at all. If, reader, you are told that the Congo extension will yet save the position, you may safely reply that the salvation will come too late.

Saturday, Jan. 16, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

CHOWRINGHEE.—The firm you inquire about have carried on business since 1903, and removed to their present offices in 1907. They are generally regarded as good for their engagements, but we should advise caution in dealings to any large figure.

G. J. L.—We never write private letters, except in accordance with Rule 5. The following securities should suit you. (1) River Plate Gas Ordinary shares; (2) Rio Claro San Paulo Railway shares. (3) Argentine Land and Investment 5 per cent. Pref. shares. (4) Central Bahia Railway "A" stock. (5) Foreign, American, and General Investment Trust Ordinary stocks. (6) Lady's Pictorial 5 per cent. Pref. shares. The return will be well over 5 per cent., and the risk very small.

CAP.—We did not refer to these people in the answer you quote. It is not likely you will ever get paid.

SERAHs.—(1, 2, 3) The Companies are a gamble, but we should hold the Bankets and get out of the others. (4) The people connected with the Mexican Mine do not inspire us with confidence.

W. A.—Don't sell the Gwalia Consolidated yet. You ought to get 7s. 6d. or 8s. in three months.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Manchester I like these: Palatine Steeplechase, Springbok; Ellasmere Hurdle, Ayr; Bury Hurdle, Hunt Supper; Broughton Hurdle, Prieska; Cheshire Hurdle, Viceroy; Irwell Steeplechase, Barograph; Castle Steeplechase, Herbert Vincent; Egerton Hurdle, Iman; City Hurdle, Barat. At Lingfield these may go close: New Year Steeplechase, Rough Pup; Blindley Hurdle, Pop Gun; Stayers' Hurdle, Bolted; Holly Steeplechase, Abeldar; Newland Hurdle, Gasbag; Eden Vale Hurdle, Peach; Weald Steeplechase, Warner; Tandridge Court Hurdle, Rhineanna; Sussex Hurdle, Kilroe; Hammerwood Steeplechase, Varsity; Tower Steeplechase, Poker.

THE MERE MAN.

ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF NATURE.

WITHOUT going so far as the hansom-cabby who informed an antagonistic 'bus-conductor that he could make a better man out of some brown paper and a bit of string, it must be confessed that Nature is very frequently capable of improvement. As she works on no organised plan or particular model, but has been content with evolution and the survival of the fittest, and such-like rule-of-thumb ways of making men and things, it is not surprising that there are many ways in which she might be improved, and this progressive twentieth century is not slow in letting her know it. So far we have not got to improving man, probably because he is too tough a job; but in America they have begun on flowers and birds, and so in process of time we may come to the improvement of the human race.

The first to begin showing Dame Nature what she ought to do was Mr. Luther Burbank, of California, who for years past has been devoting himself to growing apples and oranges without pips, and similar improvements, such as cactuses without thorns. Thorns are, no doubt, very useful for keeping wild beasts and such-like enemies at a distance, but they are a great nuisance to civilisation, and prevent the proper use of the cactus as a food for horses and cattle. Similarly, apple and orange pips are, no doubt, needed for propagating the fruit in a wild state, but they are quite superfluous from the eating point of view; and as the chief use of apples and oranges nowadays is to be eaten the sooner pips are done away with the better, and the trees multiplied by cuttings.

We had some of Mr. Luther Burbank's pipless fruit over here a year or two ago, but as the market has not been completely invaded by it, the pips are probably obtusely obstinate, and refuse to be improved out of existence altogether. But now another American has gone one better than Mr. Burbank, and is on his way to produce a boneless duck. He has succeeded in breeding a bird without a breast-bone, though what is exactly the good of it it is difficult to see, for the breast-bone is in nobody's way, and even the most duffing carver ought not to be puzzled by it, while it has afforded many generations of young people endless amusement under the name of the Wishing Bone. Mr. Winter, the experimenter with ducks, has not been able to raise a bird without any bones at all, which might be of some use, but he has succeeded in breeding a hen which can lay two thousand eggs a year, which, he naïvely remarks, is about the limit.

But while a boneless duck is of very little use to anyone, there are creatures which might well be deprived of their bones, to the great advantage of diners. Anyone can wrestle with the bones of

a duck or of a chicken, but even the strongest and bravest man is not seen at his best with a fish-bone sticking into his gums. There are some fish which possess several millions of bones, though they can be of no possible use to it, and only make them unfit to eat. One of the most sensible of fish is the sole, which has a good broad backbone down the middle, and a row of little bones on each side, which can easily be taken out. The salmon, too, is a fish of intelligence, and knows how to arrange its bones decently, but the herring, excellent fish though it is, is a disgrace to the high seas, with its bones all over the place, and in the most awkward places ever invented. If Mr. Charles Winter would see to the herring and one or two other fish, he would really be a public benefactor.

And while he is about it, Mr. Winter might just as well breed us a new animal for eating. We are practically limited to beef and mutton, for veal is horribly insipid, and pork is out of season half the year—and, some people think, indigestible for the whole of it. A man who can train up a duck to do without a breast-bone should be capable of persuading some new and toothsome beast to come into existence—something with the flavour of sucking-pig ingrafted on the sounder merits of the roast beef of old England. There is a wearisome monotony about meat at present, and, however skilfully it is disguised by all sorts of sauces, no cook can ever get away from the fact that beef and mutton are the groundwork of all his dishes. At one time the Mere Man had hopes of the okapi, but the weird beast seems to have faded away into the unknown whence it emerged, and to be no good whatever for the table. Mr. Winter should catch an okapi, and turn it into a good, serviceable, all-the-year-round source of food. He need not worry about the animal's breast-bone.

Meanwhile, a hen that can lay two thousand eggs a year is not bad for a beginning, and if we had a few hundred of them over here, we should not be so dependent on the Normandy and Danish poultry-farmers. This is not bad, but, after all, it is only about five-and-three-quarter eggs a day, and this rate of laying cannot possibly be the limit, as Mr. Winter holds. Much may be done by kindness, and, beyond a doubt, any really good-hearted hen might be persuaded to do better than this. Putting aside the three-quarter egg, which would probably be addled, five eggs are about the daily supply for one man; and a hen, to be really treated as a friend of the family, should endeavour to supply the household. Still, though Mr. Winter has not yet produced the ideal hen, he is evidently on the right track. It is on these lines that Nature can be most usefully and sensibly improved. In England prizes are given at poultry-shows for the hens which are the best layers; but the prizes are of no interest to the hens, and are but calculated to rouse a spirit of emulation. Mr. Winter has hit upon a sounder plan, and works on the hens' better feelings.



ELLALINE TERRISS AND DAUGHTER.

A Letter from Miss Ellaline Terriss.

The following letter from Miss Ellaline Terriss to Messrs. Aplin and Barrett, the proprietors of the new food beverage "Ivelcon," will be of interest to the many thousands of *Sketch* readers who have been delighted and charmed by this fascinating actress:—

Dear Sirs,—I think your Ivelcon excellent, quite different from the ordinary fluid beef. I can highly recommend it as a stimulant.

ELLALINE TERRISS.

"Ivelcon" is quite different from the ordinary fluid beef,

because it is made by an entirely new process. It tastes absolutely fresh and the delicate flavours of fresh, country beef and garden-grown vegetables are fully retained. It is made up in the form of little penny cubes, each of which will make a large breakfast cupful of delicious consommé by simply adding boiling water. Many of the greatest people in the land have given written testimony to the merits of "Ivelcon." Its delicious flavour makes it popular with all people of refinement and taste.

In order to introduce "Ivelcon" the proprietors are presenting, free, six beautiful, real photographic postcards of Miss Ellaline Terriss, exactly the same as those sold at 2d. each, and a dainty sample of the famous St. Ivel Cheese, to any reader of this paper who sends 6d. in stamps for a sample tin of six cubes of "Ivelcon." Address: Ivelcon (Dept. 10), St. Ivel, Yeovil. It is not intended, however, that this special offer, which is open until January 26, 1909, shall apply to more than one member of a family, and when the sample has been tested, it is desired that all further purchases be made through the nearest grocer, chemist or stores.

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